The Outlook

Vol. 60 November 5, 1898 No. 10

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Resignation of the French Ministry

Last week was anticipated with many forebodings in France. No sooner was the session of the Chamber of Deputies opened on Tuesday than M. Deroulède, one of the most violent of the anti-Semitic leaders, made an attack on the Minister of War, General Chanoine. The attack was evidently unexpected, and the General was unaccustomed to public speech. He mounted the tribune and made a halting and rather incoherent statement; in which he made it clear, however, in regard to the Dreyfus case, that he was of the same opinion as his predecessor in the Ministry of War. He made the usual statement that he was "the guardian of the honor of the army," and he ended, apparently in anger, by tendering his resignation. The retirement of the Minister of War was evidently a complete surprise to the Premier, and M. Brisson declared that when the question of submitting the documents in the Dreyfus case to the Court of Cassation was before the Cabinet General Chanoine had not raised any objection. He declared further that the Government was fully determined to uphold the civil power against the military, and asked for a suspension of the business of the Chamber, which was promptly granted. On the reassembling of the Chamber, M. Brisson declared that what he called the "irregular resignation" of the Minister of War had been accepted. A debate followed, in which the former Minister of War, M. Cavaignac, upon ascending the tribune, was greeted with shouts of "Forgery!" and "Razor!" A resolution affirming the supremacy of the civil over the military power was adopted by a practically unanimous vote, but, in the midst of a great uproar, an amendment to censure the Government "for not causing the honor of the army to be respected" was lost. This was followed by a resolution calling upon the Government to "end the campaign of insult against the army." The Premier refused to accept this motion, and, on a vote being taken, it was found that the motion had been carried. A deputy promptly moved a vote of confidence in M. Brisson, which was defeated by 286 votes to 254; whereupon the Ministers withdrew from the Chamber, and, within a few hours, handed in their resignations to President Faure. During the session of the Chamber the streets in some quarters were filled with excited crowds. The police found it impossible to preserve order, and it was found necessary to call in the troops in order to clear the Rue Royale and the open space in front of the Madeleine.

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The Dreyfus Case in the Court of Cassation

On Thursday public interest was transferred to the Palace of Justice, where the Court of Cassation took up the consideration of the reopening of the Dreyfus case. Great crowds were in attendance, but there was no disorder. Madame Dreyfus was present, with Labori, who was counsel for Zola in the famous trial. The case was called upon the opening of the court, and Recorder Bard began his address by referring to the scandals which had surrounded the case from the beginning. He reviewed at length the history of the case from the time of the arrest of Dreyfus, and characterized the offense for which he was condemned as one of those crimes which inspire universal horror. He gave a résumé of the efforts made to obtain a revision of the case, including Madame Dreyfus's appeal for a revision, which was based on the assumption that the *bordereau*, or written memorandum, which is supposed to constitute the principal source of evidence, was written by Major Esterhazy. The authenticity of the Dreyfus signature to that document had been questioned by experts; the document itself was surrounded by suspicion. The

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action of the Ministry which had brought the case before the Court of Cassation was decided upon in consequence of the confession of Colonel Henry that he had forged a document in the case; and although that forgery was committed two years after the rendering of judgment in 1894, yet the confession could not but affect the value of Henry's evidence in the original trial, and upon that evidence, largely, Dreyfus was convicted. M. Bard also called attention to the statement of Colonel Du Paty de Clam that at the time of his arrest Dreyfus betrayed intense excitement. A photograph of the handwriting of Dreyfus at this moment, however, gave not the slightest indication of excitement.

❀

Revision Ordered

M. Bard referred also to the fact that the house of Colonel Picquart had been searched, while the house of Major Esterhazy had never been examined. Last year Colonel Picquart had written a letter to the Minister of Justice in which, among several arguments against the possibility of the guilt of Dreyfus, he called attention to the impossibility of access to the plans of fortresses and projects for the movement of troops on the part of Dreyfus, while Major Esterhazy had free access to this information. M. Bard also recalled Colonel Picquart's statement that he had proofs in his hands which established the innocence of Dreyfus; that he was absolutely convinced of his innocence, and that he proposed not to rest until he had fought the matter to the end. Attention was called to Colonel Picquart's charges that the Minister of War and the General Staff had tampered with the documents, and had manufactured evidence in the case. M. Mornard, the counsel for Madame Dreyfus, emphasized the divergence of opinion among the experts who examined the *bordereau* in 1894–'97, and insisted that the question whether secret documents were handed to the members of the court martial should be looked into. The Public Prosecutor, M. Manau, declared that Major Esterhazy ought to be brought to testify on the question of the *bordereau*. After a deliberation of three or four hours, the Court of Cassation, on Saturday, decided to grant a revision of the case, and to institute a supplementary inquiry, which is to be conducted, not by another court martial, but by the Court of Cassation. In the meantime Dreyfus is to be kept in confinement. The decision appears to have created no excitement in Paris. No attempt at disorder was made in the vicinity of the Court, and the disorderly elements in the city appear to have been under the control of the authorities since the first outbreak on the day of the opening of the Assembly. M. Dupuy has been endeavoring to organize a Cabinet. M. Dupuy brings to the office of Premier a long experience, a conservative temper, and the necessary firmness, and on Monday of this week it is announced that he has succeeded, and that M. de Freycinet will be Minister of War.

❀

The Fashoda Matter in England

With the exception of a few protesting Irishmen, Great Britain is a unit on the question of the English control of the Nile Valley, from the river's mouth to its source; the Government has taken the country into its confidence by publishing all its official correspondence; speeches have been made daily during the past week by Liberal and Conservative leaders, and, so far as can be judged, there is but one feeling throughout Great Britain. No English Ministry has had more unqualified and enthusiastic support in any position for a great many years past. A careful reading of the correspondence shows that Lord Salisbury has been consistent in his position throughout; and the fear, widely entertained, that he had made some concession, or shown some signs of weakness, proves to be entirely without foundation. He is shown to have instructed the British Ambassador in Paris to represent to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs that the right of the Egyptian and British Government to the valley of the Nile was not open for discussion. So late as the first week in last month, the Prime Minister, in consenting to forward a French message to Major Marchand, instructed the English Ambassador to state to the French Minister that this act on the part of the English Government did not imply the slightest modification of its position or views, and that, in the view of the English Government, the expedition of Major Marchand "has no practical effect, nor can any political significance be attached to it." It does not appear that M. Delcassé, in his dispatches, takes any positive ground against the English claim. He asks for time in order that detailed information may be received from Major Marchand, and says

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that he must not be asked "to perform the impossible;" that is, to order Major Marchand away. The English Ambassador, on the other hand, declares with the utmost courtesy that Major Marchand must be ordered to retire. As matters now stand between the two Governments, so far as information has reached the public, the English Ambassador has affirmed that Major Marchand must be recalled; and the French Minister has professed the readiness of his Government to discuss the question in a conciliatory spirit. Major Marchand has not been ordered home, but he is in Cairo, and his unofficial withdrawal from Fashoda probably opens the way to a peaceful settlement of the matter.

❀

The Real Question at Issue

It is not pleasant for any Government to be told by another Government that it must do a specific thing; and it is not difficult to understand the reluctance with which the French Ministry would accede to the demand of England that Major Marchand should be formally recalled. The French are sensitive and brave, if they are also excitable. It is not likely, however, that war will be precipitated between the two countries over the question of the occupation of a village on the Upper Nile. The mere physical possession of Fashoda is a small matter, but the control of Fashoda stands for a great deal. The Outlook has already called attention to its strategical importance to both countries. One of the projects which the French have at heart is the construction of a railroad across the continent, from east to west, and concessions have already been obtained from Menelek of the right to build such a railroad across Abyssinia, and the road is now in process of construction. This line cannot be made to serve its purpose, which is to prevent the joining of the two British spheres of influence, unless it can be carried through Fashoda. If it can be carried through Fashoda, it will give the French a continuous territory or sphere of influence across the continent. On the other hand, the English are determined to have a continuous control of territory from the north to the south, straight through the heart of Africa. Direct communication from the Cape of Good Hope to Cairo would mean the supremacy of England in Africa. This is a vital stake in the English policy, and they will not surrender it without a struggle.

The Peace Commission

It seems evident that substantial progress has been made in the work of the Peace Commission at Paris during the past week. The Spanish Commissioners have at last accepted the inevitable, and have ceased to fight against the firm determination of this country not to guarantee in any way the so-called Cuban debt. If any argument were needed to show the absurdity of the claim that we should take over the Cuban debt, it might be found in an analysis of that debt, lately published, which showed that, among other financial obligations not relating to Cuba, it includes the cost of General Prim's expedition to Mexico, of the reincorporation of San Domingo, of the Spanish war with Chili and Peru, and of the Cuban war from 1868 to 1878. The contest over the debt has served to bring out clearly the fact that the United States does not, and will not, claim sovereignty over Cuba, but holds that the sovereignty is vested in the Cuban people, and that our object is to secure to Cuba the free exercise of that sovereignty; this does not preclude the possibility of Cuba ultimately becoming a part of the United States, but makes it absolutely essential that the free consent of the Cuban people be first obtained.

❀

The Philippine Question

This week it is understood that the Commission is at last seriously engaged upon the question of the Philippines—the final disposition of which is, indeed, the only point left open by the protocol. Reports indicate that Spain, in the matter of the Philippines, as in that of Cuba, is chiefly concerned over the financial side. It is strongly intimated that Spain would not object to cede her sovereignty, provided the United States would assume the Philippine debt of $40,000,000, and would also give Spain a substantial money compensation. Following the tactics which Spain has employed from the beginning of the sessions of the Commission, the Spanish Commissioners have allowed, or inspired, the report that if the United States does not agree to these conditions, Spain will withdraw from the conference, declare to Europe that she lies helpless at the mercy of a greedy victor-country, and beseech the nations of Europe to restrain the United States from pushing its designs to the extreme. On Monday of this week, according to what appear to be well-founded newspaper reports,

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the American Commissioners presented to the Peace Commission in joint session a written expression of the purpose of the United States to take the entire group of Philippine Islands, and to assume such proportion of the Philippine debt as has been spent for the benefit of the islands or their inhabitants in public works, improvements, and permanent betterments. It was also set forth that the United States would not assume any part of the Philippine debt which had been incurred by Spain for the furtherance of military or naval operations to quell insurrections of the natives. If it is true that cession by Spain of the entire archipelago has thus been demanded, our demand is based on the ground that in no other way can good government and protection be afforded to the people of the islands, and that by our occupation of part of the country we have now become morally responsible for its future. A renewal of hostilities between Spain and the United States is in no quarter considered probable or hardly possible.

❀

In Cuba The political aspect of the Cuban question has been improved and simplified by General Garcia's success in restraining the convention of insurgent delegates at Santa Cruz from any attempt to form a pseudo-government. It is now believed that the provisional so-called government of President Maso and Vice-President Capote will be quietly abandoned, that the office of Commander-in-Chief of the Cuban army will fall into abeyance, and that the army will gradually be disbanded, the soldiers taking with them certificates of service and for pay, which will be presented to whatever government may be permanently established in Cuba. Meanwhile the sensible course will be taken by the insurgents of appointing commissioners to go to Washington and Havana to present their cause and guard their interests. The insurgents are part of the people of Cuba, not the whole people; on the one hand, they cannot be allowed to take military or political possession of the island; on the other hand, their service to Cuba in thwarting Spain's armies for three years must not be forgotten. Reports from Santiago continue to credit General Wood with displaying constantly the highest executive and administrative ability. Characteristic was his recent action in sending back to Hayti and Martinique several schooner-loads of pauper immigrants, with a sharp note to the French Consul in reply to the latter's protest, in which note General Wood informed the Consul that no paupers would be allowed to come to Santiago, and that General Wood would continue to send them back as fast as they arrived, without reference to their nationality. Our Government continues to insist on January 1 as the date for the final evacuation of Cuba by Spain; on that day the United States will probably formally take possession, but it is unlikely that the Spanish forces will then be completely withdrawn.

❀

Our Coast Defenses The annual report of Brigadier-General John M. Wilson, Chief of Engineers, U.S.A., upon our system of coast defenses has several features of unusual interest this year. The recent war has compelled attention to certain problems of harbor protection and fortification of seacoast cities which did not previously present themselves as urgent. General Wilson emphasizes the fact that the operations of our fleet on the coast of Cuba and Porto Rico have proved the value of coast defenses, including shore batteries and submarine mines, in resisting naval attacks, and also that increased vigilance will be given to the task of insuring the safety of the principal harbors and seacoast cities from any such attacks. Another important deduction from a review of the naval operations of the war is the great efficiency of the rapid-fire gun. A considerable number of these have been mounted during the year, and provision has been made for the manufacture and emplacing of a large additional number. With regard to river and harbor improvements, General Wilson says that the system should be restricted to works fully justified by the interests of commerce, and recommends that appropriations be so made as to avoid delays in payments to contractors. Existing plans for seacoast defenses contemplate the emplacement of about 500 heavy guns ranging from eight to sixteen inches caliber, 700 rapid-fire guns of various calibers, and 1,000 mortars. The probable cost of engineering work in connection with this armament will be $55,000,000. The above plans are subject to minor revisions according as greater efficiency is thereby gained or additional localities included. Provision has been made for mounting 288 heavy seacoast guns,

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254 rapid-fire guns, and 312 mortars. This armament is placed in 71 localities in 29 harbors of the United States. During the past three years there has been a great deal of controversy among military and naval experts as to whether seacoast defenses could be made of sufficient strength to allow of a relatively inferior fleet; but the facts of the late war and the will of the nation seem to have settled the question in favor both of seacoast defenses and battle-ships of exceptional power.

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Naval Construction The report of Commodore Hichborn, Chief Constructor, upon the work of the Naval Construction Bureau during the past year is also of exceptional interest. It is emphatic in its indorsement of the behavior of all classes of our naval vessels throughout the various conditions of the war. Whether in action or in general service in the blockade, the efficiency of the different types of the vessels, the greater number of which were designed by the Bureau, was fully demonstrated. During the hurry of preparation the Bureau had also to supervise the transformation of over one hundred merchant craft into naval vessels, and the work was very satisfactorily done. Commodore Hichborn recommends the proper equipment and maintenance of the minor naval stations already established along the coast, and asserts that if the consequences of the recent naval engagements had been as serious as there was some reason to anticipate, the Southern stations would have been necessary for repairs to ships too badly injured to be sent to Northern yards. The serious inconvenience resulting from the lack of dry docks during the past year is referred to, and the construction of new docks strongly recommended. The experience of the recent naval engagements thoroughly justified the course of the Bureau in making fireproof the woodwork placed in our war vessels. With regard to war-ships in course of construction, work has been hindered by the impossibility of procuring armor when it was needed, and the progress made on some of the torpedo-boats has been to some extent retarded by the inexperience of builders, and by delay in securing material. Regret is expressed on account of the steady decrease in the number of apprentices in the several navy-yards. The report also recommends that the old system of intermediate purchase of supplies for navy-yard work be discarded for one of direct purchase from the manufacturer, and asserts that the successful accomplishment of rapid work during the war was possible only because the department wisely authorized the usual methods of purchasing material and supplies to be disregarded.

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The Chicago School Question Chicago is now passing through a radical educational change, which is interesting and significant to the inhabitants of other large cities where similar conditions may prevail. From the start the contest has been a well-defined struggle between honest and progressive educational ideas and outworn methods in which politics of the personal kind formed the most conspicuous element. Not until the present moment has it been possible to judge intelligently of the probable outcome of the controversy, but the latest developments point clearly to the triumph of advanced educational methods and the end of a régime in which the ability of the teacher to exercise a powerful political "pull" seemed to be of no greater avail in the race for promotion than superior endowments as an educator. The fact that Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews was called from the presidency of Brown University to accept the position of Superintendent of the Public Schools of Chicago, and to represent the progressive educational movement in that city, gives National prominence to the contest. The resignation of several of the old members of the Board of Education and the expiration of the official terms of others made it possible for Mayor Harrison to appoint a sufficient number of new members favorable to a change in the superintendency to elect Dr. Andrews over Albert G. Lane. This action was particularly significant from the fact that Mr. Lane had held this position for many years, and was recognized as an honest official and an educator of more than average ability. Perhaps the most serious and formidable argument used against his re-election was that, as he had been unable wholly to withstand the insidious influence of the political "pull" in school affairs, he was not the best person to carry the reform standard to success and overthrow the old régime in which members of the Board of Education had been able to interfere with the nomination to promotion of teachers who should have been advanced and to push forward

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teachers not so well qualified for advancement. It was argued that Mr. Lane's long and intimate acquaintance with the members of the Board, with the entire corps of principals and teachers, and with outside politicians who were eager to exert influence in behalf of the latter, formed an incubus, for which he was not to be blamed, but which was certain to hamper his actions as leader of a reform movement. Certainly recent developments appear to have demonstrated that this ground was well taken. On the other hand, his appointment to the position of Assistant Superintendent of Schools is almost universally regarded as both wise and just.

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Dr. Andrews and the Schools

Among the obstacles which confronted Dr. Andrews, a strong partisan prejudice resulting from his well-known avowal of the free-silver cause was not the least troublesome, particularly as it obtained to a considerable degree among the leaders of thought in Chicago who were most friendly to those principles and methods in educational affairs represented by the former President of Brown University. This prejudice has largely disappeared, and the people have manifested a reasonable and generous disposition to accept the new Superintendent on his educational rather than his political platform. Another handicap was the unpopularity of certain friends who vigorously espoused his cause with more zeal than discretion. The extent to which this obstacle has been overcome is still problematical. But the chief difficulty which he was called upon to face was the inevitable local prejudice against an "outsider" who had been "put in at the top" for the purpose of prosecuting reform measures in defiance of the traditions and usages of the office and of the "kid glove" politics by which the most profitable positions in the gift of the Board had been filled. The first and most essential task to which Dr. Andrews applied himself was that of clearly establishing his right to initiate the nominations for promotions and appointments. Although this was plainly guaranteed by the existing rules of the Board of Education, it had been winked at in actual practice. The extent to which the initiative in nominations had rested with the members of the Board was brought to light by the bitterness of the contest precipitated by Dr. Andrews's contention that his nominations should be made direct to the School Management Committee and placed by that body before the Board as a whole, without being submitted to the dictation of a district committee laboriously convened for that purpose. This was taken by the political element as due notice that "buttonholing" and "pressure" would no longer avail in the interest of personal favorites. It was patent that, having once established his right to the initiative in nominations, a rejection of his candidates would simply throw the matter back into his hands and he would make new selections to fill the vacancies—selections based strictly on the merit system, all names of nominees being chosen, according to rank, from the list of teachers having passed the special examination.

❀

A Test Case

The test case was that of a woman teacher, of very ordinary qualifications, who aspired to promotion to the principalship of a night school. With the other candidates, she was told to take the examination. Apparently distrusting her ability successfully to stand this test, she organized a formidable lobby in her behalf and removed the contest from the educational to the political arena, deliberately ignoring the merit test. Lines were closely drawn, and the result of the contest favored the cause of the new Superintendent. The ambitious teacher failed to secure the coveted appointment, and Dr. Andrews established the precedent of right to initiate nominations. But the victory was not, however, as sharply decisive as the friends of reform desired. Its most unsatisfactory feature was the fact that, although the cumbersome process of assembling a district committee to pass on nominations was done away with, the district committees were not left wholly without voice in the matter of promotions. Each district committee is composed of three members, and the Superintendent now secures the signatures of two members to his list of nominations. While this method of procedure saves much time, as these signatures are obtained privately and not at sessions of the committees, the practice still perpetuates a troublesome entanglement. In view of the fact that Dr. Andrews has a clear majority of the members of the Board in his support, any tendency to weakening or compromise would be regrettable. It is to be hoped that he will stand squarely to his guns and fight to the finish. In this event he has little reason to

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fear defeat. Popular sentiment in Chicago is overwhelmingly on the side of the principles for which he stands. Dr. Andrews has already accomplished substantial results in freeing the Superintendent's office from a mass of detail work, thereby making it possible for him to devote his time to larger and more purely educational problems. A broad and conservative view of the situation cannot fail to recognize that the cause of advanced education has received an important impetus by the events of the past few weeks in Chicago.

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Women's Colleges and Their Work

The annual meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ was held in Philadelphia last week, amid the exciting incidents and events of the Peace Jubilee. The main question discussed was, "Shall the college curricula for women be modified?" The women who took part in this discussion were the heads of women's colleges and the women's departments of universities throughout the country, and their presence and interest furnished evidence of the prominence of this question among college women. The discussion, though not conclusive, brought out the fact that many leading college women believe that the college should give the same opportunity for laying the foundation for home-making and child-training studies as it gives for what is broadly called culture. To epitomize the views of the two sides: "What the country wants is broad-minded women." "What the world wants is broad-minded women who understand the science of cooking." This statement is extreme, and the happy mean is the object of many college-bred women's thoughts to-day. The report of the work done by the branches of the Association shows how rapidly the college women are coming to lead in all questions, from the feeding of babies to the cleaning of streets; and the Association, with its branches in every State, numbering 2,000 members, is taking its place as one of the leading women's organizations in the country.

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Puvis de Chavannes

In the death of Pierre Puvis de Chavannes the world loses one of its foremost mural painters. Born at Lyons in 1824, and graduating from the Lycée Henri IV. in Paris, Chavannes passed two years in Italy, returning to Paris as a student in the atelier of Henry Scheffer, where his study appears to have been given mainly to the city and only secondarily to his art. Later he studied under Delacroix for a brief period. He next sat at the feet of Couture; and then determined to open a studio for himself. His first exhibition at the Salon was in 1850, but for a period of years subsequent to his first success his pictures were steadily refused. In 1861 he achieved reputation by two pictures, "War" and "Peace." In 1882 he carried off the medal of honor. For many years he had devoted himself very largely to mural painting, and his cartoons are familiar to all visitors at the Pantheon, the Sorbonne, and the Hôtel de Ville; and at the Boston Public Library, to which he contributed nine panels, very characteristic of the breadth of his style, the simplicity of his treatment, and his artistic perception of the requirements and limitations of mural painting. Of late years he had received almost every kind of recognition which a French artist can secure, and preserved his working power up to the very end of his long, arduous, and honorable career.

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Polygamy an Issue

In the elections in Utah this year the Mormon people will be compelled to place themselves on record as to their views on the continuance of polygamy, and the religious people may well observe the result in this State. It seems hardly possible that, within a few years after making solemn pledges to stamp out the obnoxious practice, the Mormon leaders should permit one who still believes in it to become a candidate for a high office; yet, undoubtedly with their consent, B. H. Roberts, a high Church official, is now running as the Democratic nominee for Representative in Congress. In the convention which nominated him, a prominent Mormon woman declared that she could not support him because his domestic duties were sufficient to require his whole attention. This remark has been followed by the direct public charge that he has not ceased to live in polygamy, notwithstanding the manifesto of the Mormon leaders, and that, in fact, children have been born to a plural wife even since Statehood was perfected. He has studiously refrained from denying this charge, confining his attention to the silver question, and the only answer made by his party managers and organs is

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that he is no worse than some of the candidates on the other ticket. Gentiles who formerly made the fight against polygamy have appealed to the Mormon people, saying that this case is one on which the American people will judge of their good faith, and, in fact, have made polygamy the chief issue of the campaign. However, there are good reasons for believing that Mr. Roberts has the full support of the Church authorities, as, under the political manifesto which he signed recently, he could not have taken the nomination without first consulting his ecclesiastical superiors. Should he be elected, the Nation may justly conclude that his Church does not frown on polygamy, and may well prepare itself for a more or less open resumption of the practice under the protection of Statehood. Mr. Roberts's example undoubtedly will have a strong influence upon the Mormon people, as he is one of the chief dogmatic writers of the Church, and is regarded as its best pulpit orator. His books are always placed in the hands of the young missionaries sent out to preach in the world, and he is regarded as an authority on the interpretation of the latter-day "revelations." Therefore, should he succeed after being attacked on this point, devout Mormons cannot help but believe that in one form or another polygamy is to be resumed.

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The Sultan and the Jews

The movement which received such an impulse at the recent Zionist Congress has had a serious setback in the action of the Turkish authorities at Constantinople, who have given directions that no real estate in Palestine shall pass into the hands of Jews, even when the latter are Turkish subjects. It is also reported that, in consequence of this action of the Turkish authorities, the projected purchase of land by Barons Rothschild and Hirsch and the Israelite Alliance has been stopped. The programme outlined by the Basle Congress probably seemed to the Sultan a little too extensive; and the proposition to reconstitute the Jews into a nation in the territory which had belonged to their fathers seemed to him a distinct menace to his authority. He has gone a step further, and made even the visitation of Palestine by Jews extremely difficult and uncomfortable. They are not to be allowed, for instance, to proceed from Jaffa to any other place in Palestine unless they can persuade some non-Jewish resident of Jaffa to guarantee that they will leave Palestine within thirty days. This action of the Turkish Government will undoubtedly be promptly met by protests from the different European Governments.

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George E. Waring

The war with Spain, although short and brilliantly successful, has entailed very heavy losses on this country, and none more heavy than the life of Colonel George E. Waring, Jr., who died at his home last Saturday morning, after a brief illness, from yellow fever contracted in Havana while acting as Special Commissioner of the United States Government to investigate the sanitary condition of the city, as a preliminary step toward developing a thorough system of sanitation. Colonel Waring was a man of such vigor, vitality, ardor, and enthusiasm that it is almost impossible to believe that he has gone out of life, carrying with him traits which endeared him to all his friends, and qualities and abilities which made him one of the most distinguished public servants of his time. Born in this State in 1833, educated as an engineer, a farmer in the early part of his life and a lover of the farm to the very end of it, he became early interested in sanitation from a scientific point of view. In 1857 he was appointed drainage engineer of Central Park. At the outbreak of the Civil War he raised a squadron of cavalry in this city, and later received the rank of Colonel. His reputation as sanitary expert was based on his reconstruction of the sewerage system of Memphis in 1878—a system which has been since largely adopted both in this country and abroad. He served on the National Board of Health, he became Assistant Engineer of New Orleans, and in 1894 Commissioner of Street-Cleaning in this city, by the appointment of Mayor Strong.

It is no exaggeration to say that his work in this city was epoch-making. He reorganized the department, gave it professional efficiency, inspired the men with the professional feeling, gave them pride in their work, turned the frequently made declarations of the Tammany Hall authorities that New York could not be kept clean into ridicule by giving the citizens, during the whole course of his administration, a clean, wholesome, healthful, and attractive city. He was a conspicuous example of the trained man in

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public affairs—a representative American, dealing honestly and scientifically with public problems. As such he was an illustrious example to the whole country, and especially to this city, so long accustomed to the methods of Tammany Hall, which are fundamentally undemocratic and un-American. Under Colonel Waring's administration the death-rate of the city sensibly diminished, thus demonstrating anew the connection between health and honest politics. Our Government has been quick to recognize its duty in connection with the shockingly unsanitary condition of Havana, which is the breeding-place of yellow fever. In furtherance of the determination to destroy the source of this frightful disease, Colonel Waring was sent to Cuba early last month, and spent several weeks making a thorough study of conditions about Havana. On his return he remarked that he had a great deal to tell the President; and it is stated that his report was completed before his illness. It is impossible to part with a personality so full of energy, rectitude, and courage as Colonel Waring without a profound sense of public loss. The presence of such men makes the world better, and their going makes it poorer.

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Progress in France

France has again justified the hope of her friends and brought to naught the prophecies of her enemies. Another Ministry has fallen; there has been some turbulence in Paris, but not a sign of the predicted revolution, nor the slightest disturbance of the basis of the Republic. Since the present form of government went into operation, twenty-seven years ago, there have been as many changes of Ministry, and this apparent instability has more than once prompted observers outside of France to predict a speedy fall of the Republic, and the establishment, on its ruins, of some form of military dictatorship. In the present condition of political development the Cabinet seems to furnish a kind of safety-valve. Bitter antagonism is aroused, political passions rise high, there is every indication of a hurricane, the Ministry is turned out, and then the agitation ceases and events take their usual course again. It looks very much as if the French people were learning the primary law of constitutional government; they change their parties, but they do not disturb the foundations of the State. It must be remembered also that in all these crises, which are at times almost inexplicable to men bred under American and English traditions, there are always courageous and able men to resist popular pressure and to stand for right action.

There have been serious scandals, which have damaged the prestige of republicanism; but the Presidents of the Republic, and the Premiers, have escaped untouched. There have been evidences of widespread laxity of political and personal morals, outbursts of almost frantic anti-race feeling, and there has been a constant and irritating subdivision of what ought to be great constitutional parties into small groups representing local interests; yet in the face of all these obstacles France has been learning for a generation to govern herself. And now, at the end of four years, the Dreyfus case, which at times threatened to destroy the very life of the Republic, is to be retried under right conditions, and the country is putting itself in line with that sound political development which mobs, Jew-baiters, revolutionists, intriguers, adventurers, and schemers of every kind have striven to interrupt. The French people have great qualities; they are learning the lessons of self-government; and, although there may be periods of reaction from time to time, France will move forward along her own lines with the leaders of the modern world.

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The Episcopal Convention

The sessions of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which has been sitting in Washington for the last three weeks, have been notable not so much for action as for harmony and broad-mindedness. While the Church of England is going through a painful experience of internal dissension, the Episcopal Church in this country presents a more united front than for many years past; and, so far as the action of this Convention affords ground for judgment, is moving along more progressive and generous lines. The sessions were notable for dignity, kindliness, and elevation of tone. The debates were often sharp, the speeches incisive, but the laws of Christian courtesy were never violated. The drift of the Episcopal sentiment was indicated by the action of the Convention on four points. On the question of the

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proposed change of the canon on marriage and divorce, commented upon in these columns last week, the New Testament ground of the present canon was, for the time being at least, maintained; and the position held by the Roman Catholic Church, that marriage is a sacrament, and cannot, therefore, be dissolved on any ground, did not win the support of the Convention. The matter has not been finally decided, but has been referred to a large and representative committee, which will report at the next Convention, to be held in San Francisco three years hence.

All the propositions, in various forms, to change the name of the Church were defeated by decisive majorities; and while it is not impossible that the time may come when the present rather awkward designation of the Church may be modified, the extreme High Church programme does not appear to be making any progress. The determination to establish missions in Roman Catholic countries was another step which brings the Episcopal Church more in sympathy and fellowship with the Protestant than with the Roman world. Heretofore the ground has been taken that, as the Roman Church is a true church, no matter what its errors of doctrine may be, any attempt to establish missions within countries under its control would be an act of schism. On this ground the establishment of Episcopal missions in Brazil and Mexico has been vigorously opposed. Episcopal sentiment has now gone so far, however, that at Washington a Bishop of Brazil was elected, and measures have been taken to lay the foundations for church activity in Porto Rico and Cuba. This is a decisive step, because with the determination to send missionaries into a foreign country goes the inevitable decision that the religion of that country is defective at vital points.

Dr. Huntington, one of the broadest-minded and most statesmanlike religious leaders in America, and one of the most influential men in the Episcopal Church, finally succeeded in securing the adoption of a resolution providing that provision may be made by a canon for the temporary use of other forms and directories of worship by congregations not already in union with the Episcopal Church, but who are willing to accept the oversight of the bishop of the diocese in which they are situated. This means that a church which is not ready to adopt the entire service, as prescribed by the Prayer-Book, may be taken under the charge of an Episcopal bishop, and may temporarily use other, or modified, forms of worship. This provision has very important bearings in certain parts of the West, but its most important bearing is its indication of the acceptance of a wider view of the Church's opportunities and its relations to other Protestant bodies.

To a great many Christian people, outside the Episcopal communion, it has seemed inexplicable that the Episcopal Church (or a certain section of it) should lean so continually in sympathy and tendency toward the Roman Church, which has coldly ignored every approach and resolutely shut the door in the face of any recognition, while it has at the same time held itself so carefully aloof from that great Protestant society from the heart of which issue, in great measure, the moral and religious forces of this country. For many reasons the Episcopal Church has a great opportunity; and the deliberations in Washington, both in spirit and in result, indicate that the Church is recognizing its possibilities of growth and power under the new conditions of religious life on this continent.

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The Joint Traffic Decision

The decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Joint Traffic Association case confirms and extends the interpretation of the Constitution and law made by the Court in the important Trans-Missouri case, which was fully reported and commented upon in these columns at the time. The two principal points in which the present decision is more than a mere repetition of the former ruling are: first, that the Supreme Court waves aside as of no consequence all changes in the form of a railway pooling agreement, holding that combination to regulate rates by mutual agreement is the essential point, and that such an agreement is contrary to the intent of the Inter-State Commerce Law, as was already decided in the Trans-Missouri case; secondly, in this case the attorneys for the railways attacked the Sherman Anti-Trust Law (which was not done in the Trans-Missouri case), and the Supreme Court makes a strong and clear utterance supporting the legality and validity of that law.

The Joint Traffic Association was formed by over thirty railways three years ago, and began operations in January, 1896. Its object

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was, as stated, "to establish and maintain reasonable and just rates, fares, rules, and regulations on State and inter-State traffic." It is charged by the opponents of unrestricted combination among railways that not only did such a pooling arrangement make it possible for the roads to exercise unjust discrimination, but that, in point of fact, such discrimination was exercised; for instance, in New York the Produce Exchange and the Merchants' Association presented evidence before the Inter-State Commerce Commission showing that the rates established by the railways under the new pooling arrangement were seriously and unfairly injuring New York City's commerce. That the decision is sweeping in its effect may be seen from the following excerpt from Justice Peckham's opinion, which, by the way, includes an admirably worded definition of the relations between the people and the railways:

> Has not Congress, with regard to inter-State commerce and in the course of regulating it, in the case of railroad companies, the power to say that no contract or combination shall be legal which shall restrain trade and commerce by shutting out the operation of the general law of competition? We think it has. . . . The business of a railroad carrier is of a public nature, and in performing it the carrier is also performing to a certain extent a function of government, which requires it to perform the service upon equal terms to all. This public service—that of transportation of passengers and freight—is a part of trade and commerce, and when transported between States such commerce becomes what is described as inter-State, and comes to a certain extent under the jurisdiction of Congress by virtue of its power to regulate commerce among the several States. When the grantees of this public franchise are competing railroad companies for inter-State commerce, we think Congress is competent to forbid any agreement or combination among them by means of which competition is to be smothered. . . . We think it extends at least to the prohibition of contracts relating to inter-State commerce which would extinguish all competition between otherwise competing railroad corporations, and which would in that way restrain inter-State trade or commerce.

It is true that in the case of railways unrestricted competition has its evils as well as unrestricted combination. While in the nature of things there cannot be such general competition among railways as there is among merchants, yet, in the vast majority of cases, experience has shown that where railroads do compete for the same business, and where the management is shortsighted and grasping, the result in competition is of the "cut-throat" kind, and stockholders in the roads suffer materially. On this point the opinion read by Justice Peckham says:

> It is not only possible, but probable, that good sense and integrity of purpose would prevail among the managers, and, while making no agreement and entering into no combination by which the whole railroad interest as herein represented should act as one combined and consolidated body, the managers of each road might yet make such reasonable charges for the business done by it as the facts might justify. An agreement of the nature of this one, which directly and effectually stifles competition, must be regarded under the statute as one in restraint of trade, notwithstanding there are possibilities that a restraint of trade may also follow competition that may be indulged in until the weaker roads are completely destroyed, and the survivor thereafter raises rates and maintains them.

Naturally, it is not the business of the Supreme Court to point out to railway managers how to conduct their roads. The suggestion is made, however, by those who believe that Government supervision of railway rates is perfectly proper and desirable, that a law might be enacted which should allow the roads, under the strict supervision and control of the Inter-State Commission, to enter into an agreement which should be so drawn up as to avoid the evils both of reckless competition and of oppressive combination. The intimation of some papers that the railways may combine to avoid, by secret action, the effect of the present decision is in every way unworthy of law-abiding citizens. The fact that the stock market was very little affected by the decision goes to show that the alarmists' report that many roads would be ruined by such a decision is without foundation.

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The Religion of Action

Discoursing recently on this subject before the Ethical Culture Society, Professor Felix Adler defined the relation of Ethics and Religion as analogous to the relation between the domestic and foreign affairs of a nation. "Religion is, so to speak, the department of state concerned with foreign relations." The misconception embodied in such an analogy has caused a long and mischievous severance between religion and ethics, whose reunion in a true thought is essential to their union in a true life. The misleading analogy belongs to the deistical idea, now passing away, of God as ruling from on high and from afar. It is corrected both by the Pauline

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thought of God as "through all and in all," as well as "above all," and by the now ascendent philosophy, in its view of the Infinite as "outside of all, yet not excluded; inside of all, yet not included." "Mere ethics" is a current phrase, which implies that there is no religion in ethics, just as the current phrase "mere man" implies that there is nothing divine in man. But then what logic in St. John's maxim: "He that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, cannot love God, whom he hath not seen." The immanence of God in the life of the world makes it impossible that ethics, dealing with the conduct of life, can be unmutilated and complete except so far as it is religious. This is the point of view from which St. Paul bade the Corinthians to treat their bodies as "temples of the Holy Spirit."

Ethics and religion differ, but only as different points of view from which the law of righteousness may be regarded, as clothed with human sanctions, and also with divine. Still, these two views ultimately coalesce in the perception that society is divinely originated, and that "the powers that be are ordained of God." Professor Adler himself, notwithstanding his misleading analogy of domestic and foreign relations, seems to recognize the underlying unity when he finely says that the true religion "kindles in its votaries a consuming purpose, melts the chill of worldliness from their hearts, sets them aflame with the inextinguishable ardors of the moral sense." But precisely this is religion as exemplified and inculcated by Jesus. Whom has the world seen more alive with the religious thought of God, and more aflame with inextinguishable moral ardor? In Jesus religion does not appear to be, as in Matthew Arnold's phrase, "morality touched with emotion," but rather emotion expressing itself in morality. The Founder of Christianity presents it to us as a religion of action, with morality for its proper liturgy, and with its basis of fellowship in community of endeavor to do the will of God, and realize his righteousness in the world of his indwelling.

But a wide and deep degeneracy from the type of its Founder is evidenced by the historical corruptions and the present scandals of Christianity, too often conceived of as a religion of doctrines rather than of deeds. The ethical shallowness, the moral flabbiness, of multitudes of "good people," which makes the task of moral reform often arduous and discouraging, and which have called for the Ethical Culture movement outside of the churches, remand the disciples to the Master to learn anew from him that religion of action on whose revival depends the hope of Christianizing Christendom—the religion alive with a moral passion for the righteousness of God both in private life and in public affairs.

The church that Jesus founded was a religious society for an ethical culture to be realized in observing, said he, "whatever I have commanded you." Nothing is real in religion that is not ethical, nothing thorough in ethics that is not religious, are truths embodied in the life of Jesus, and elementary traits of the religion of action which he inaugurated. In their conjunction is the recall of the revivalist and the ethical culturist from antagonism to alliance, and the condition of the Church's restoration from moral weakness and its schisms to her pristine ground of moral strength and unity.

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The Companionship of the Sky

It is easy to feel at home in quiet, sheltered places and to have a sense of God's care and love in the cheerful warmth of the hearth; but it is not easy to have the same sense of watchful affection in the presence of the great forces of nature or of those sublime aspects of beauty and power which are worn by the sea and sky. It is probable that the great majority of men and women are chilled when they are brought face to face with the vastness and sublimity of the Universe. The pocket map of creation which our forefathers carried, with the complete and easy key to the divine purpose and plan which went with it, and which made the earth the center of the universe and man the supreme object of creative thought, made faith in a personal love and care behind all visible things comparatively easy of attainment; but now that science has cast that little chart aside with all the other outworn maps of a half-discovered world, God seems, to many sincere seekers after him, to have withdrawn so far that human searching cannot find him, or to have become so awful in his lonely infinity that he has creatures but no children. An elemental chill seems to rise from the abysmal depths which science has opened; an oppressive silence seems to reign in those limitless regions along whose

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farthest boundaries the stars fade into fathomless night.

"We no longer view our planet as the center of the universe," writes Mr. Illingworth, "and our cosmical insignificance is supposed to argue our personal unimportance. It seems inconceivable that, amid the limitless immensity of space and the endless possibilities of time, our earth should have been the scene, and our race the witness, of one unique divine event." To which are wisely added the words of Pascal: "If the entire physical universe conspired to crush a man, the man would still be nobler than the entire physical universe, for he would know that he was crushed."

Faith must grow with knowledge, and man's conception of God expand with man's comprehension of the greatness of the home which God has made for him. The time is not distant when science will be recognized as the most helpful friend religion has had in this many-sided century. For science has rectified and purified our conception of God as well as enlarged and clarified it. The greater the creation the greater the creator. The God of the whole earth and of all men is vaster and diviner than the God of Israel; and yet the Israelite found a sense of nearness and comfort in the feeling that Jehovah was the God of his race which would have been lost if he had been told that the Jew and the Greek were alike in the sight of the Infinite. It is inevitable that God should seem vaster with every extension of human knowledge; not because he changes, but because our capacity to comprehend him and to follow the lines of his creation constantly enlarges. And with that enlargement of conception there ought to go a deepening of that joy which has its springs in faith. The greater our thought of God, the greater must be our sense of peace and safety in him. In another century men will have become familiar with the larger world in which they live, and will feel at home in it; as the Mediterranean peoples, who once dreaded the Atlantic as an unknown and perilous sea, now find the greater ocean less dangerous than the smaller one.

Vastness has a beauty all its own. God needs a great canvas for some landscapes; and there is a glory in the sky which no lesser arch of space could contain. That glory cannot be seen from the lower reaches; it must have the clear sweep of unbroken horizon lines and the clarity of mountain air. To see the sky in its majesty one must be able to put the earth below or behind him. There are points which seem to have been made as places of celestial observation; summits, crests of hills, stretches of upland, which seem to project from the ball of the earth so that the observer can detach himself from the globe and give himself up to the sky. Night and silence are about him; the heat of day and the turmoil of cities are forgotten. Under a veil of darkness the great world sleeps and the "infinite heavens break open to the highest" It is no confining roof of blue, studded with lamps, into which one looks in such an hour; it is an infinitude of space, star rising above star and world shining beyond world in the farthest reaches of vision. What radiant stillness, what soundless movement, what silent power, in that immeasurable field

> . . . unfathom'd, untrod,
> Save by Even and Morn, and the angels of God.

And yet how familiar it all seems, and how close to the life of man through its ministry to the needs of a spirit which is always thirsting for beauty without flaw and for power without limitations! In the majesty of the sky on a cloudless night infinity seems to clothe itself with light as with a garment, and to sit at the doors of our human life. In the majesty of that companionship all the material side of that life seems to turn to mere shadow; what are the few years of mortality measured by the dateless duration of the heavens, and how feeble is the power of man in comparison with the power which holds those shining worlds in their places!

But the spiritual side of man's life, the immortal part of it, leaps up to catch that far-shining splendor, and rejoices in it. The little earth, which is its school, fades out of sight, and the vast universe, in which its full life is to be, visits and invites the imperishable spirit. The body becomes a thing of naught in that glorious presence; but the soul, which sees it, searches it, learns its secrets, masters its laws, is at home with it. To be solitary under a starlit sky is to have a companionship which not only uplifts and glorifies those who enjoy it, but which seems more intimate than human fellowships; as if, out of that vast space and through that sublime silence, God found quiet and room

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for intimate approach. Under such a sky the spirit expands in an ecstasy of delight. Human speech seems flippant and discordant; and the heavens are more companionable than the earth. The essence of companionableness is liberation; escape from limitation of expression, lack of comprehension, of sympathy, of aspiration. The air of earth often grows close and suffocating; the spirit longs for greater freshness, purity, freedom. Under a stretch of starlight there comes this sense of detachment from lower and lesser things, this feeling of getting into one's native atmosphere. Instead of a sense of loneliness from that immeasurable distance there comes a deep sense of home-coming, as if the spirit were finding itself and its place.

Measured by the scale of extension, one feels insignificant in the presence of that vast manifestation of the infinite power; measured by intension, one feels on an equality with the universe. Vast as it is, his thought runs beyond it; sublime as it is, his imagination rises above it to still vaster orders of form and appearances of power. He is at home because it seems adequate, so far as material beauty and splendor can be adequate, to his conception of what a divinely ordered universe ought to be. It satisfies the imagination by its infinitude; it rests the soul by its very magnitude; it liberates by the sense of power which it conveys. The beauty, order, and power which shine in the unclouded sky express that infinity with which the spirit feels its own kinship. The earth seems narrow, rigid, confined; the sky alone gives the sense of immensity and freedom. The infinite in the soul recognizes the infinite in the stellar splendor shining in the fathomless deeps of space, and is at home with it and at rest in it.

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The Spectator

"Oh!" said a small boy of six, with a deep, satisfied sigh, as he leaned against the Spectator's knee and gazed through the window down upon the Peace Jubilee parade in Philadelphia, the other day, "I love a procession more'n anything else in the world, I guess—don't you?" And the Spectator, looking at the stately white pillars and noble arch of the Court of Honor, the picturesque uniformed group around the President, the color and flutter of the innumerable flags, the rhythmic marching lines of men, and the eager faces of the cheering multitudes massed on pavement and stand, felt an answering thrill of enjoyment that rolled away forty years at least, and made him a near contemporary of the questioner.

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The Spectator further confesses that he enjoyed the performance of the man who played the bass drum in one of the regimental bands quite as much as the more pretentious features of the great review. One does not think of the bass drum as presenting an occasion to talent. It offers a wide field to the player, it is true, but upon its expanse one man can thump, it would seem, about as well as another. But this particular bass drummer dispelled this mistaken idea, and showed that any occupation, however hum-drum (the Spectator did not mean that as a pun, so he lets it stand), can be transformed by talent into an artistic vocation. He played that drum, apparently, with four hands at once, for his arms swung back and forward, describing curves over his head, behind his back, and across each other, at lightning speed, while the drumsticks rattled upon the sheepskin like hail. The crowd cheered as he came; Hobson himself was not more applauded than he; and the President, as the bass drum swept by, enveloped in an extra whirl of drumsticks, bowed to the artist, who saluted and drummed simultaneously as he passed the stand where Mr McKinley stood.

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The Quaker City, during the Jubilee week, reminded the Spectator of the good old Friend who said that she did not care for bright colors; "plain red and yellow were good enough for her." All Philadelphia was ablaze, not only with red and yellow, but with every color of the rainbow. From pillar to pillar, in the Court of Honor, swung festoons of pennants of every shape, size, and hue, as if, one clever woman said, "Columbia was hanging out her washing;" and at night pillars, arch, City Hall, every building along the Court, and even the trees, were strung with hundreds of electric-light bulbs—red, white, and blue—forming devices, mottoes, and gorgeous clusters of radiant color. There was even a string of them around William Penn's hat. Certainly, when a Quaker takes to colors, he likes them strong—which is, after all, only a natural reaction from drab.

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The Quaker staying power was also shown strongly. The Spectator will not soon forget the steps at the Mint, where a determined crowd of sightseers, on Civic Day, had settled themselves by half-past nine in the morning, the procession being expected to reach that point by half-past one in the afternoon. It was a decidedly raw morning, and the stone steps must have been chilly resting-places; but frail women and tender babes were packed closely upon them, with a patient determination written upon each face. Three very small boys, exactly alike, and wearing gray woolen caps of precisely the same pattern, occupied the projecting base of the side lamp-post, and about them a wise parent or guardian had wrapped a gray blanket, and tucked it in well around their chubby forms. Only the right arm of each was outside this protecting envelope, and in each red right hand was a redder apple, in process of slow and happy assimilation. It was a delightful picture.

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And so the three hours' march went on, on Military Day; Miles and Evans, Philip and Wainwright, Hobson and the Merrimac crew in their four-horse drag, the Twenty-first Infantry, the Tenth Cavalry, the dozen of Rough Riders, the plucky Guantanamo marines, and other gallant campaigners came by and were cheered to the echo; the flags dipped before the President, and the long lines of soldiers passed on through the high white arch among the rows of tall flag-garlanded columns; and the bands played "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the close-massed throngs tossed up their hats and waved their handkerchiefs and shouted themselves hoarse in their boundless enthusiasm over our boys in blue.

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The Spectator was pleased to notice the genuine and hearty enthusiasm everywhere aroused on Military Day by the Tenth Cavalry—the negro regiment which fought so magnificently at San Juan. A perfect storm of cheers greeted their approach all along the line. Even when, two days after, they marched to the station on their way home, the crowd recognized and applauded them and the small boy paid homage and made no ill-bred jest about "coons." The war has taught America anew the treasures of loyalty and courage she possesses in her negro citizens, and it is a wholesome lesson for some people.

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Even the Chinaman came to the front. Lee Toy, the "Mayor of Chinatown," rode in Admiral's uniform at the head of their line on Civic Day, and thirty-six of them, dressed as sailors, impersonated the Chinese fighters on the Olympia, with the words on their banner, "We helped Dewey." The Spectator wondered if the obvious crumbling of the Chinese Empire had had its effect upon even their stolid minds, and made them decide that America was a better country to "tie to" than their native land. A Chicago friend, who was with the Spectator, acknowledged that the City of Brotherly Love had the more impressive pageant of the two. "We have no Independence Hall to rededicate, to begin with," he said; "we miss the historic background." Certainly it added a great deal, and the different floats emphasized the civic pride of Philadelphia on this point. "Betsey Ross Making the American Flag" was especially dear to the crowd on the sidewalks, even though the fair Betsey of the occasion was so late in appearing that the float was delayed, and a great deal of advice was given her, as she passed along, "to hurry the next time, and not miss the train." William Penn and his Indians were another joy to the populace. And if the Spectator had been inclined to forget that Philadelphia is the first manufacturing city in the Union nowadays, the modern industrial floats would have prevented such a mistake. One cannot, perhaps, at first blush, grasp the connection between leather and peace, even when a pyramid of dressed skins is surmounted by the Goddess of Liberty, and followed by a large goat labeled "Dewey;" but the roofer whose float proclaimed that "Where the Roof Leaks there is no Peace," touched a responsive chord all along the line, while the firms whose paraders threw cakes of soap, cough-drops, and rolls to the onlookers were greeted with enthusiasm. One company of carpenters and joiners particularly took the Spectator's fancy. They carried stout poles, to the tops of which were fixed miniature articles of furniture—beginning with cradles, and changing successively down the line to high chairs, rocking-chairs, lounges, dressing-tables, etc., until they wound up with coffins! The Spectator felt, after that, that it was time to go home.

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The Peace Commission in Paris

By a Staff Correspondent

WHY should Paris have been chosen for the meeting of our Peace Commissioners with those of Spain? This is a Commission which is to decide the fate of nations in the Far East and in the Far West. It will change the map of the world. It seems almost out of place that such momentous decisions should be made amidst the hubbub of a great metropolis; rather, one might say, perhaps, should they be made in some silent spot among the mountains.

Let one, however, proceed from his Paris hotel to the Quai d'Orsay. He will perhaps go through noisy streets—yet no street in Paris or in London is as noisy as our own—and when he arrives at the bank of the Seine and walks along, either from the old Pont de la Concorde or from the new but as yet unfinished Pont Alexandre III., and enters the garden of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, he cannot resist a certain feeling of satisfaction that the Conference should be, after all, so appropriately housed.

M. DELCASSÉ

French Minister of Foreign Affairs, through whose courtesy the Commission met at the Foreign Ministry.

No Paris quai is particularly crowded, and the Quai d'Orsay seems the least so of any. At this time of the year the sun's rays strike not fiercely but gently through the yellowing leaves of the trees, and fall, together with a few of those leaves, on the broad walk; patches of mellow sunshine and yellow leaves alternating with the shadows.

We pass through a lofty grill into the trim garden. The guard salutes, and so does the porter. How quiet it is here! indeed, it does not seem possible that one high iron fence and some shrubbery could produce so much privacy. There is a broad gravel esplanade for carriages, and away to the left some thoroughbred-looking horses are champing their bits, impatiently waiting the result of an irritatingly calm and long conference in the Palace. The beautiful façade of the Ministry rises at the back of all this green and gray foreground. The walls are built of a peculiarly exquisite stone, which gives the effect of yellow and brown and gray and amethyst all in one. The Palace was erected in 1845, and its front is adorned with Doric and Ionic pilasters. There are balustrades on each story, and at the top are the armorial bearings of the principal Powers. To the right a paved walk leads to an archway, and this to the long building back of the Palace which serves for the many offices pertaining to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Men are constantly hurrying along this walk and carrying huge leather cases, within which are state papers. Now one of the Municipal Guards dashes up on horseback. Man and horse seem something alike, for the man wears a kind of long mane floating from his helmet, and so perfect a rider is he that one motion seems to move him and his steed. The guard hands a dispatch to the porter, and the latter gives it to his page, who immediately hurries with it under the archway. Meanwhile we

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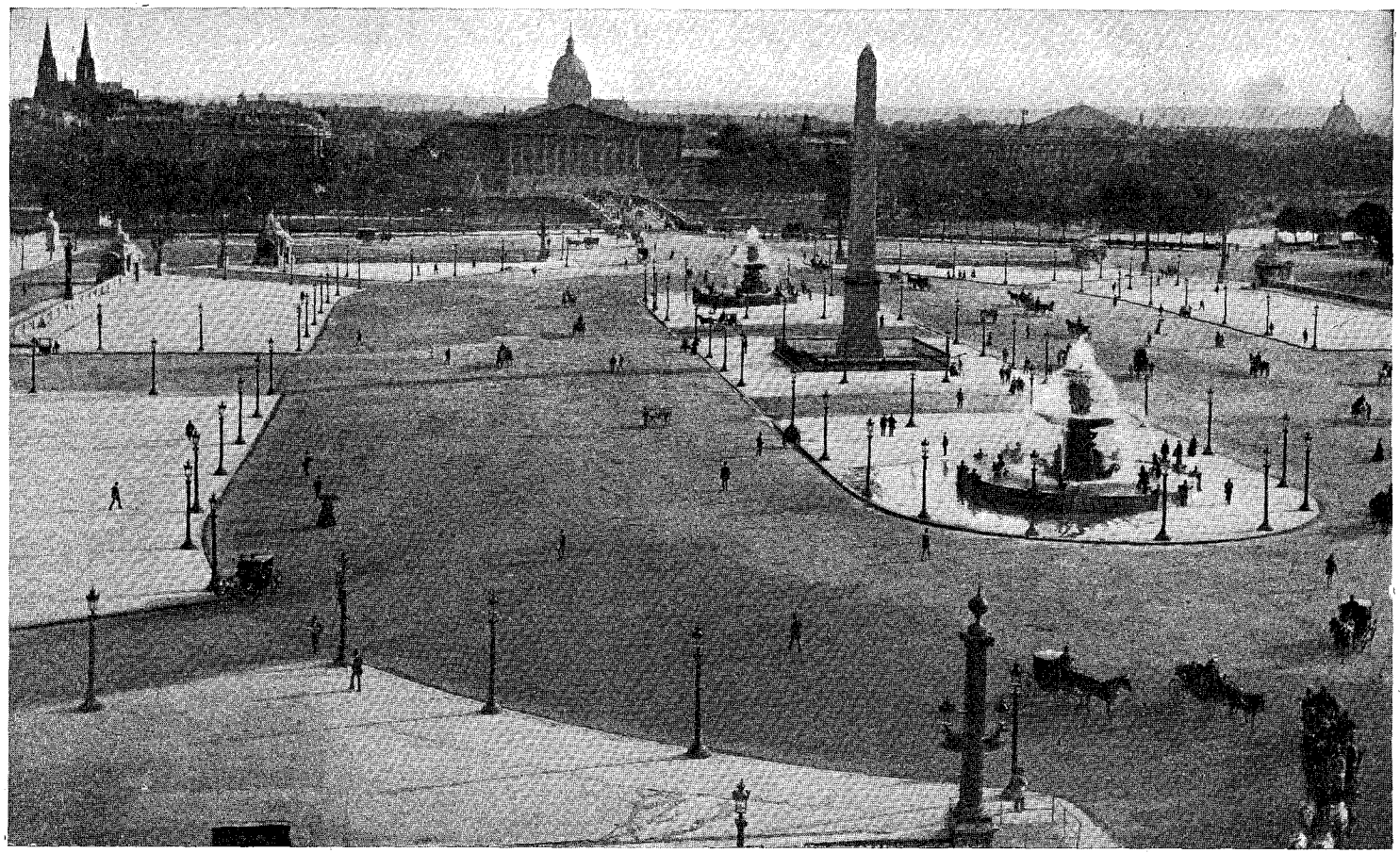

THE PALACE OF THE MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS IN PARIS

In the foreground (Place de la Concorde) stands the obelisk presented to Louis Philippe by Mohammed Ali, Viceroy of Egypt. Beyond, the Pont de la Concorde leads to the Palais Bourbon, now the Chamber of Deputies. Still beyond may be seen the dome of the Invalides under which Napoleon I. is buried On the right is the Palace.

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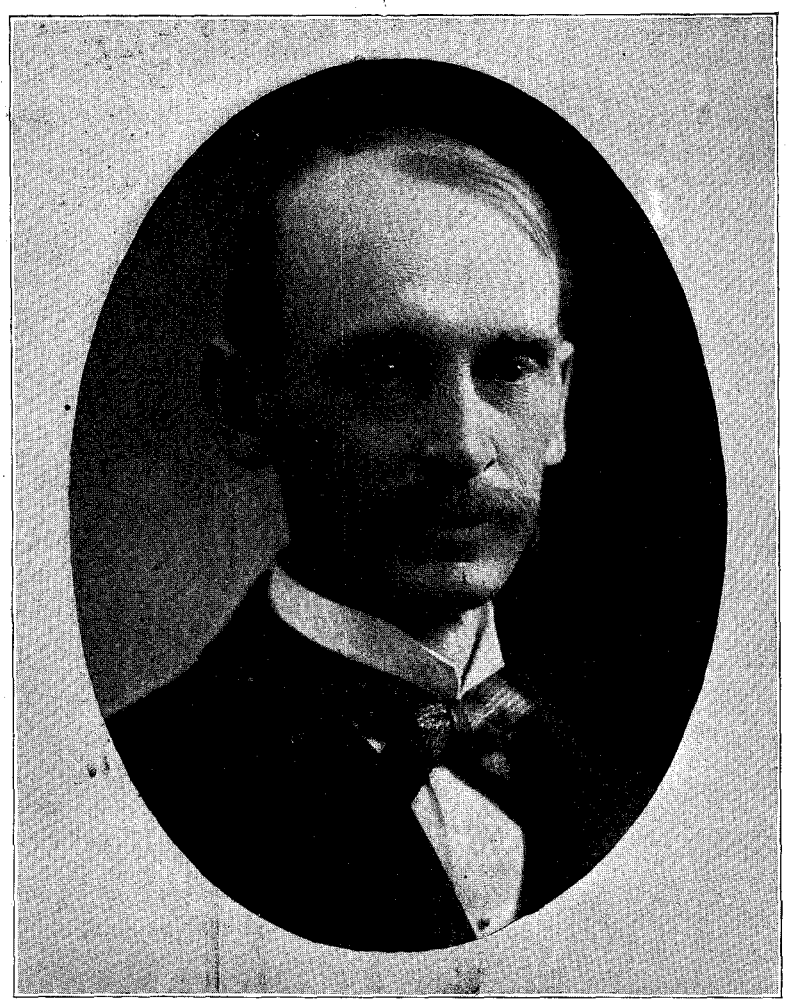

JUDGE WILLIAM R. DAY
President of the American Peace Commission

are pacing slowly towards the left, where is the state entrance.

In another minute the Commissioners will arrive. Here they come already—the Americans first, as is fitting and characteristic. It would have been a case of cart before horse had the Spaniards arrived first; besides, why should they ever belie their beloved "Mañana" (to-morrow)?

It is through the courtesy of M. Delcassé, the French Foreign Minister, that the Spanish-American Commissioners are permitted to hold their joint sessions at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. M. Delcassé has already done much to bring the Spanish and Americans into harmony. The French, and especially the Parisians of every class, welcome the advent of the Commission, and declare that it adds honor to Paris.

We enter the Palace. The Commission occupies two salons in what is known as the Galerie des Fêtes. These rooms are already nationally and internationally historic, having been occupied over forty years ago by the Congress of Paris, and only a few years ago by the Behring Sea Commission. The ceilings are at a great height, and the walls are hung with red damask. The ceiling frescos date from Louis Philippe's time, and the furniture is in the fashion prevailing during the reign of Louis XV. From the windows there is a charming view. In the middle of one room is a huge table covered with green cloth. Ranged round this table are the chairs of the Commissioners, and at either end the "thrones" of the two Presidents, ex-Secretary Day and Señor Montero Rios. The Commission decided that its joint sessions

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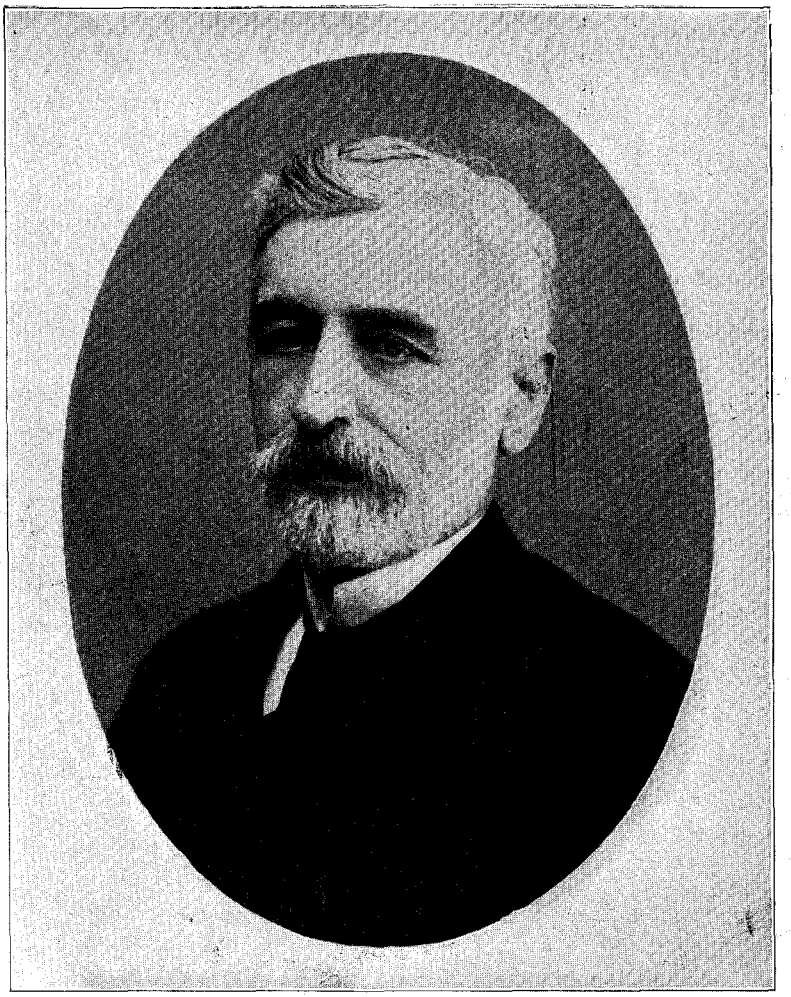

SEÑOR MONTERO RIOS
President of the Spanish Peace Commission

should be under dual control, and, of course, should be absolutely secret. A generous buffet is spread in the adjoining apartment, and is served by a head waiter and four assistants. All communication with the rest of the Palace has been cut off, and at the entrance to the salons of the Commissioners there is an antechamber to accommodate two messengers and an usher.

When our Commission meets separately, the sessions are held in large, sunny, and well-furnished apartments on the ground floor of the Hôtel Continental, not on the Rue Castiglione side, but near the private entrance at the back of the house. One reaches them directly by this private entrance, and also from the office by the corridor and court surrounding the great reading-room. Two policemen guard the Commission's safe night and day, and the same watchfulness and secrecy is manifested by all the Commissioners, and indeed by all the aids and assistants, down to the smallest fraction of an assistant. They have thus started off bravely, all of them. Let us hope that they will keep it up, and that there may be something done by our Government in connection with this Spanish business which the newspapers will not have either cleverly guessed at or pertinaciously ferreted out.

The Spanish Commissioners occupy the handsome house at No. 63 Rue Pierre Charron, very near the Avenue des Champs Élysées—an excellent location.

So much for place. Now for people.

The honored President of our Commission is ex-Secretary of State, the Hon. William R. Day. He seems about fifty years old. He

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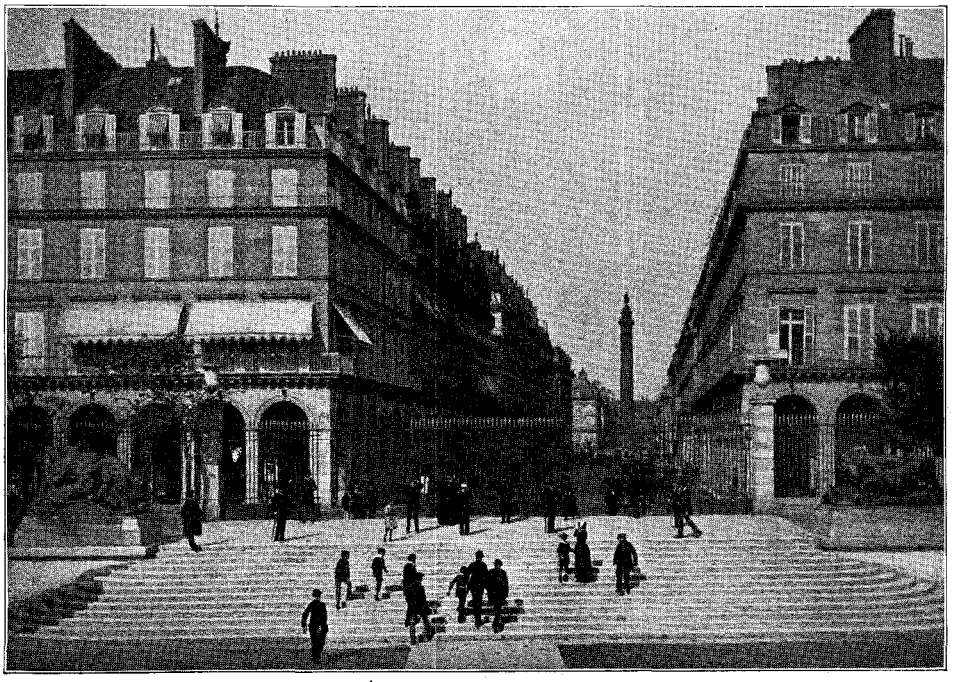
is not a very tall man; he is a thin man and an angular. His hair and mustache are blonde-gray; but one forgets about his personal appearance directly he speaks. Then it is that one feels that this is a spirit rather than a bit of flesh and blood; then it is that one feels himself surrounded by an aroma of intelligence, moderation, conciliation, and keen judgment, which seems to be breathed forth from the man who has been the right arm of the President of the United States.

After Mr. Day there is Senator Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota. He is about sixty years old, and a man of medium size. He seems a singularly unimpressive person, but he is not. He is a man of great ability, and has done good work on the Foreign Relations Committee in the United States Senate. His drooping mustache and generally droopy air would hardly give one the idea that Mr. Davis is an ardent extensionist. But things are not as they seem.

Now comes a more attractive type. Senator William P. Frye, of Maine, is over sixty years of age. His long term of service in our Congress has been a long record of public usefulness. He has been supposed to be a jingo of the jingoes, and he has said and done much to confirm this; still no one has ever had cause to distrust Senator Frye. He has commanded in both private and public life the respect and affection of men of all parties. He is a good specimen of New England ruggedness, trustworthiness, and truth. It is well known that his appointment to the Paris Commission was a case of the office seeking the man and not the man the office. Mr. Frye is in Paris much against his will, and is already chafing at probable delays. With Senator Davis, he is supposed to form the radical or expansionist element in the American Commission. He declares that America should possess all that is necessary for its future commercial supremacy, taking care that international laws should not thereby be violated, however, and working in such a manner that the conduct of the Government and of the American people should be amply justified.



THE HÔTEL CONTINENTAL IN PARIS

The Hôtel stands at the left. Looking through the Rue Castiglione, in the distance may be seen the Vendôme column, which commemorates the Napoleonic victories of 1805.

The more conservative element, on the other hand, is supposed to be represented by Mr. Day and Senator George Gray, of Delaware. The latter is a tall, portly, fine-looking man, nearly sixty years of age. He is a fluent speaker and an admirable debater. It is fancied that President McKinley first offered a Democratic membership to ex-Secretary of State Richard Olney; we all know

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HON. CUSHMAN K. DAVIS

that he did offer this position to another eminent Democrat, whose acceptance was disappointingly followed by a declination. Justice White would have added great weight to the Commission, more especially because of his being a Roman Catholic, and hence, in a certain sense, representing that Church in the tangled mess of affairs to be settled in and for the Philippines. Yet it is doubtful whether any other Democrat could bring to the Commission a more generally respected authority and leadership from that party than does Senator Gray. His position and service with regard to tariff, currency, and Civil Service Reform are too well known to be mentioned here.

Alphabetically, last of all the Commissioners is the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, the editor of the New York "Tribune," a candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with General Harrison in 1892, an ex-Minister to France, and, more recently, the special Ambassador of the United States at Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Mr. Reid is perhaps the most distinguished-looking of our Commissioners. His hair and beard have grown rather white, but only add to the dignity of his tall figure. He must feel quite at home in Paris, though hardly so in the somewhat unaristocratic Hôtel Continental compared with his fine residence in the Avenue Hoche. All of the Commissioners now reside at the Hôtel Continental. Politically, also, Mr. Reid comes last. The other four are popularly supposed to be divided into two parties, while Mr. Reid is popularly thought to compose an Opportunist party by himself—a party of one, neither radical nor conservative. This may be true or it may not be. We shall see. Mr. Reid is a diplomat *par excellence*. He can talk for an hour, and say many things charmingly and intelligently and informatively, and yet in that time he will not give out one little bit or hint of any matter which should be kept secret. As he himself said the other day, "The old definition of an Ambassador, you know, was that he was sent to lie abroad for the good of his country. Well, we have changed this a little. At the present time, at least, it is the duty of an Ambassador to hold his tongue abroad for the good of his country."

The first Secretary of the Commission is Professor John B. Moore, of Columbia University, and lately First Assistant Secretary of State. Mr. Moore is a rather stout and fine-looking man, about forty-five years of age. He brings to his work a long training in international law and much expert knowledge. The second Secretary is Mr. John

SEÑOR JOSÉ GARNICA

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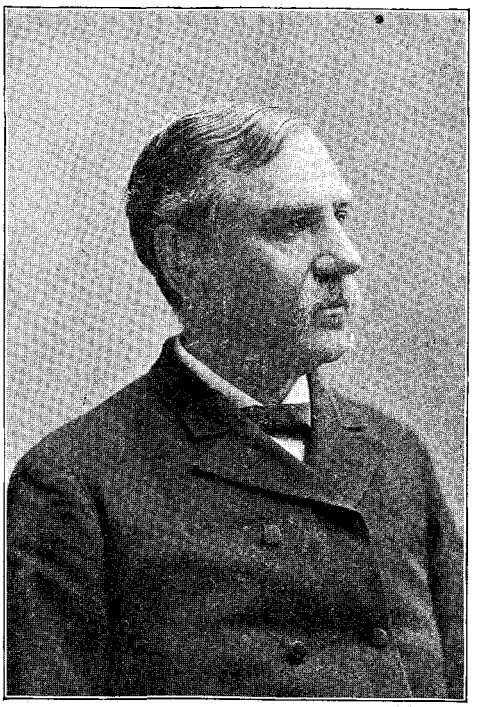
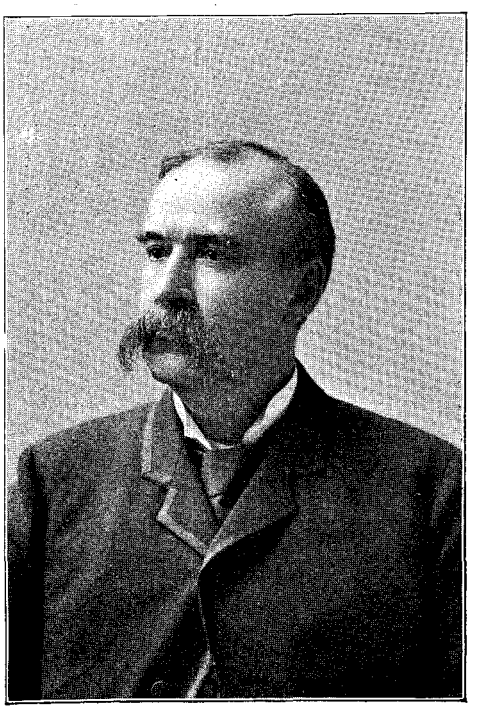


HON. WILLIAM P. FRYE

R. MacArthur, lately Secretary of Legation at Madrid under General Woodford, and since then one of the Assistant Secretaries of State at Washington. Mr. MacArthur has the advantage over any of the preceding persons of an intimate knowledge of Spanish life and character gained at first hand, and also of command of the French and Spanish languages. To our country's chagrin the fact must be disclosed that not one of the foregoing diplomats save Mr. MacArthur has a knowledge of Spanish, and but one (Mr. Reid) a knowledge of French.

There is no more interesting figure in the Spanish Commission than his Excellency Señor Don Montero Rios, its President. He is seventy years old. He is a medium-sized man, with a white beard. These, however, are but subsidiary characteristics. The great distinguishing quality of the man is his fear of the cold. During the recent extreme heat, when most of us were living in linen clothes and on ices, Señor Montero Rios went about in a winter "capa," or Spanish cloak, and he even had a tiger-skin in his carriage lest his legs should freeze. As is well known, he occupies the exalted position of "President of the Spanish Senate." The poor Senators have not yet dared to rebel against his drastic orders that the winter doors are to be-kept on during warm weather, nor are any windows or ventilators to be opened during the session. As he is suffering from a cold, our Commissioners may well hope for short sessions at the Quai d'Orsay; otherwise we may have a second Spanish war on our hands. Señor Montero Rios is a rich man, and has declined a salary which the Spanish Government has offered him as President of its Commission. He is a far greater personage than his modest exterior indicates. There is no more eminent jurist in Spain than he, and in his own province they call him the Great Galician or "Gallejo"—they even dub him the King of Galicia. In 1868 he was one of the Ministry of Reformation; during the reign of Amadeus, and again in the Sagasta Cabinet, he was Minister of Justice. To him is due the reform of the Penal Code and the Laws of Procedure. He is a Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, and is about to invest President Faure with the insignia of that Order. As has been hinted, Signor Montero Rios has not always been a Monarchist. With those well-known statesmen Señors Romero, Giron, and Moret, he stood by Ruiz Zorilla to the last. Señor Montero Rios's reputation, however, is greater in the world of political economy than that of politics. In the latter world he has been com



HON. GEORGE GRAY

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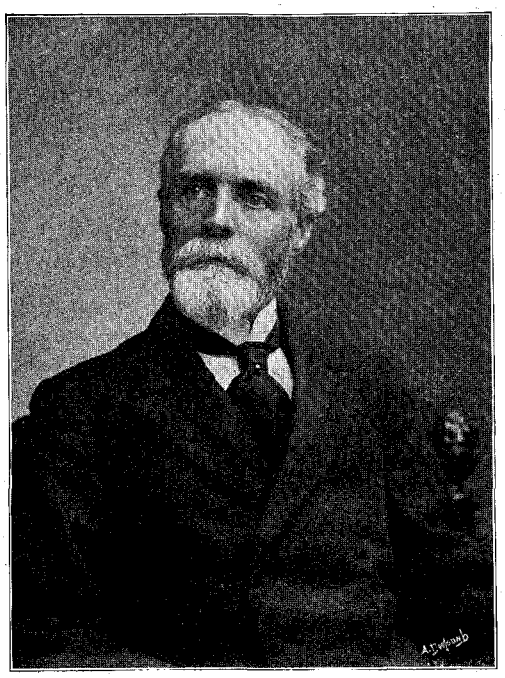
pletely overshadowed by his friend the present Prime Minister of Spain; it is said, however, that Señor Montero Rios refused his friend's appeal to accept a position on the Peace Commission, and it required all the good offices of the Queen Regent to persuade him at last. He is not alone in his admiration of that august lady. Long before the war began Señor Montero Rios was a consistent advocate of autonomy in his country's colonies, because he did not think that Spain in her enfeebled condition could long maintain any proper semblance of sovereignty at so great a distance. He has now intimated his wish that the first subject to be considered by the Commission shall be the Philippine question. This is only natural, as that is where the Spaniards feel themselves strongest, and of course they must put their best foot foremost. They claim that the Manila occupation is a question of protocol and not of capitulation; hence they declare that we ought to abandon Manila when the peace treaty is signed. Señor Montero Rios has also been especially prominent in the ecclesiastical courts, and this prominence gives him another valued title to usefulness in the sessions of the Commission. No more interesting matter has come up for discussion than the relations of the Church to the rearrangement of peoples and countries and sovereignties. For instance, our Protestant missionaries are urging, with justice, that they be restored to old rights, especially in the Carolines, and that they be given proper protection in all possessions, Spanish as well as American. This will undoubtedly be brought about. On the other hand, the Vatican, through its Nuncio in Madrid and its Apostolic Delegate in America, urges that in territory which has become ours the position of the Church shall be speedily defined and its property guaranteed. Another septuagenarian on the Spanish side is Señor General Cerero. This is another full-bearded man, and his beard is remarkably black considering its wearer's age. He has charge of the Spanish coast defense, and has designed nearly all of the modern forts in Spain. He speaks English, and the Spaniards say that he is a great admirer of everything English; at all events, he is a close student of military progress in England and other countries.



HON. WHITELAW REID
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Señor Don Buenaventura Abarzuza is perhaps the finest-looking man on the Commission. He is about sixty years old, and is the image of robust health, probably owing to his long out-of-door life, for he is a passionate sportsman—a love which his early education in England only strengthened. Like General Cerero, Señor Abarzuza's knowledge of English was one reason for his nomination; pity it is that President McKinley did not see fit to name some American Commissioner who had an equally good knowledge of Spanish. Of course there are translators, but why should important matters of international comity and decision rest on the possibly halting command of languages which professional translators have? There is only one way to have a thing well done, and that is to do it one's self; perhaps the American Commissioners wish that they were in that pleasant position. No matter how exact their English may be, in order to be effective it must be exactly understood and re-expressed in Spanish. Señor Abarzuza, like the President of the Spanish Commission, was also formerly a republican. He was Minister of the Colonies in one of the Sagasta Cabinets. He was a great friend of Castelar, who, when President of the Republic of Spain, sent Señor Abarzuza as Ambassador to France.

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After having accepted the monarchy he became Minister of the Colonies in one of the Sagasta Cabinets. He drew up a series of reforms for Cuba.

Another English-speaking Spaniard is Señor Don Wenceslao Ramirez de Villaurrutia. He is the youngest member of the Spanish Commission, and is its sprightliest figure. Once the counselor of the Spanish Embassy here, he is now Minister to Belgium. He is a friend of the Spanish Prime Minister, and commands esteem as a diplomat.

Next to Señor Montero Rios there is no stronger man on the Spanish Commission than Señor Don José Garnica. He is apparently about sixty years old, and is a tall, strong-looking, gray-bearded man. Like the President of the Spanish Commission, Señor Garnica has earned a great reputation in political economy. He is also supposed to be a specially good master of international law. At home Señor Garnica is a Magistrate in the Court of Cassation and is Deputy from Santander.

The Secretary of the Spanish Commission is Señor Don Ojeda, who occupies the position of Minister to Morocco. The Spaniards are also provided with clerks, messengers, stenographers, but our Commission employs about twice as many persons as does theirs.

The elaborate courtesy of the Spanish members of the Commission may be contrasted with the discourtesy of part at least of the Spanish press. Far from being considerate and judicial in tone, like the Madrid daily "La Época," the next best known newspaper of the Spanish capital, "El Imparcial," has not hesitated to fill its columns with as many insulting allusions as possible to the "Yankee pigs." The following account in the "Imparcial" of our Commissioners may be taken as an example: "The presence of the North American Commission at the Hôtel Continental attracts the attention of all their fellow-guests. This is not the appearance of a delegation of diplomats; it is rather like a caravan of Cook's tourists."

The proceedings at the Quai d'Orsay were prefaced by a lunch of twenty-six covers, given by M. Delcassé in honor of the Commissioners. Señor Leon y Castillo, the Spanish Ambassador, and General Horace Porter, our Ambassador, presented the members of the two Commissions to the Foreign Minister. At table the latter had at his right our Ambassador, and at his left Señor Montero Rios. M. Brisson, the Prime Minister of France, had at his right the Spanish Ambassador, and Mr. Day at his left. On October 1 occurred the first session. The action of the present sessions is undoubtedly influenced by the report of Admiral Dewey, which has been sent here for the information of our Commissioners. This report treats of the political importance of the Philippine Islands, the character of the people, and other matters bearing on the final disposal of the islands. Of greater importance, because he is here to be questioned on his report, is that of General Merritt, who has come directly to Paris from Manila for the express purpose of testifying before the Commission. General Merritt's robust physique and dignified bearing add weight to what he has to say. He believes that the Filipinos are superior in general points of character to natives of kindred people in any other part of the world, and that they are more capable of self-government than are the Cubans. The Filipinos are favorable to the Americans, and so are many Spaniards. General Merritt also thinks that the climate has been unjustly described. It is understood that the Commissioners, after sufficiently examining General Merritt, have telegraphed their possibly modified opinions to Washington, asking for instructions. General Merritt will remain in Paris as technical adviser to the Commission.

The French people say that the outcome of the whole matter will be a question of how much we care to leave Spain after we have taken what we want. The talk here is naturally more regarding the future of the Cuban debt than any other question, because the French people are the most interested financially on that side. Fortunately, there are more who are not interested financially, and some of them venture to say that, after all, there can be no obligation on us to assume any part of a debt created by Spain for the purpose of stifling freedom in her colonies. The French think, however, that compensation should be given for the public works, fortifications, docks, and buildings which Spain had erected in Cuba and Porto Rico, also that the interest of the capital of the railways in the latter island should be guaranteed. What Spain really wants, however, and what she may get, will be concessions in commerce. She has now lost markets which absorbed millions of peninsular exports, and she must now tide over a commercial as well as a political crisis.

Paris, France.

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The Police Department of New York

By Jacob A. Riis

TWO books that hold between their covers at once the best and the worst that has been said of New York's police force stand before me as I write. One struts in five stout volumes entitled "Investigation of the Police Department of the City of New York, 1894." It is best known as the "Lexow Committee's report," and contains the shameful recital of blackmail and corruption which brought a blush to every honest cheek and tore the city out of the grasp of Tammany for a season all too brief. The other is a grim old ledger, worn and dusty, with no title at all, and which few have ever seen. In the dry official phrase of the Headquarters telegraph bureau, it tells the story of how the city was saved in the days of mob-rule, and at what cost. In the crowds that hissed the police parade as it went up Broadway the other day there were old men who remembered that story and who bared their heads as the blue flag was borne past with its motto "Faithful unto Death." And they had reason. "The Citizens of New York to their Brave Police," read the inscription on the flag, and under it the dates, July 1863 and 1871. Those were the days of the Draft and the Orange riots.

Both the books are to be taken into account in a discussion of the Police Department. Their stories need to be kept steadily in mind. Without the one the hissing had no cause; without the other the statement that, despite all the rottenness which politics has hatched in the force, it was and is sound at the core, might be taken as a mere expression of opinion. It is not. It is a statement of fact. The police force as a body is not to be confounded with those who have from time to time mismanaged and misrepresented it. In times when on their account it was most to blame, it has always risen to any emergency calling it into action. Individuals went wrong. As a body, when it was needed it was to be trusted.

The police force of the "Greater New York" comprises nearly 7,500 men, marshaled in eighty separate troops or squads, including the Bridge and the Park police. Some 250 patrol on horseback, and a hundred, in round numbers, on bicycles. The number of these latter, who, hailed at the start with mirth, have proved themselves a most efficient branch of the service, is increased as fast as the asphalt pavements are extended. There are always 1,400 policemen patrolling the city's streets by day, exclusive of 800 who have stationary post "details" in or out doors and the 300 detectives, and 2,000 by night when posts are shortened. The off platoons are in reserve in the station-houses, so that the Chief can at any time, night or day, muster an army of more than 4,000 men for instant duty, should the need arise. In theory and in fact a policeman is always on duty, from the day he puts on the uniform until, after twenty-five years' service or more, he lays it aside to become a half-pay pensioner for life in fulfillment of the contract the city made with him when it pinned the badge on his coat. To give anything like an adequate idea of the real range of his work within the limits of a single article is not an easy matter. It is coextensive with all the thousand activities of the metropolis. Sooner or later it enters into each of them with help, advice, or protection. Always it goes along with them awaiting the call. The fireman comes in time of need, but to the great mass he remains a more or less unfamiliar, heroic figure; the tax-gatherer comes once a year, and is not welcome. The postman is an every-day friend; but he dwells in a realm apart, out of which he issues with his budget of good news or bad, to retire again as he came. They all have their spheres, distinct and fixed, that touch ours at certain known, expected points. The policeman alone is all-pervading. Like the poor, we have him always with us. Proverbially, companionship so steady rubs off the heroic. Perhaps it accounts in a measure for our readiness to "jump on" him with our real grievances. No one will deny their existence.

A policeman's work does not end with his patrol tour, as people are apt to assume. It often only begins there. It may happen any night that, when he has barely got into bed tired and sleepy after six hours on his feet, he is routed out by the clatter of the sergeant's bell to run to a fire, to battle with frantic, panic-stricken crowds, and to risk his life in a dozen ways in the effort to save theirs. A big fire sometimes brings out the reserves of four or five precincts, and in the earlier stages

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of it the policeman works side by side with the fireman. While there is life to save, his is often the hardest duty; he is first on the spot. He does not shirk it. In twenty years I have known but one policeman to be charged with cowardice. His name was wiped from the roster, and is long since forgotten. The record of Policeman Frederick L. Stahl, who received the Rhinelander medal for valor this year, was thoroughly characteristic of the force and in keeping with its best traditions. He was not technically on duty, and until, caught in the sudden rush of the back-draft, he was hurled senseless to the bottom of the stairs, where the firemen stumbled over him in the nick of time. Stahl will bear the marks of his fight to his dying day. He was the first policeman to be promoted on the field, as it were. The Chief set a good precedent when he gave him his roundsman's stripes in public along with the medal. The whole force was honored in the act.

Irresistibly one is reminded, writing of Stahl's deed, of that other most sensational

BANNER PRESENTED TO THE NEW YORK POLICE

was miles from his home precinct, when the cry of fire rose in the street through which he was passing. A roomful of women and children were penned in a Houston Street tenement with fire blazing up from beneath, cutting off escape. Stahl was in the house almost before any one knew he was present, forcing his way through the fire and breaking down the barriers that fenced the tenants in. He got them out, and was returning, burned and bruised, to the street, when fresh cries came from above. Running back, he fought his way to the rescue of these also, rescue made by Policeman Griffenhagen on the day of the Columbian parade in the fall of 1892—sensational chiefly because it was done in the sight of thousands whose peril was as great as the policeman's unhesitating courage. It was in Union Square, where the jam was greatest, that the three-horse team drawing a fire-engine took fright and ran away, straight into the crowd, dragging the ponderous vehicle after them. Two seconds and scores would have been trampled helpless under their feet. Escape there was none. A shriek of horror went up, that was turned into

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an exultant cheer as Policeman Griffenhagen threw himself in the path of the horses, seized their bits, and was dragged into the multitude, torn, bleeding, and trampled by the iron-shod hoofs, but still hanging to them, barring the way with his body till help came. Griffenhagen never recovered from his supreme effort. He was retired after years of invalidism, his nervous system hopelessly shattered; but every policeman walked with a lighter step that night and after. The dull routine of his life was glorified by his comrade's heroism.

I started to speak of this routine, dull only because, like a woman's work, it never ends. What does it not include? Along with the preservation of the peace in a city of more than three million inhabitants and the maintenance of order on the water in the biggest of harbors, extending from Rockaway Beach on the ocean shore up the Hudson to Yonkers and on the east far out in the Sound, goes the daily oversight of sixty thousand or more swarming tenements, any one of which, if left to itself, might prove a breeder of pestilence and disorder; the management of ten thousand steam boilers, above ground and under, for the condition of which the police are held responsible; the regulation of lodging-houses, of emigrant boarding-houses, pawnbrokers, and all manner of licensed concerns, including ten thousand saloons; the enforcement of ordinances of which the judges themselves do not know the ins and outs; the suppression of secret vice and crime, of policy-playing and gambling; and, to cap it all, the overseeing of the annual elections. In addition to making 111,000 arrests in 1896, the last year for which a department report has been issued, the police picked up and cared for nearly 3,000 lost children and foundlings, took charge of 18,331 persons who had met with accident or were found sick in the street, dealt with 314 suicides and 207 would-be suicides, attended 2,974 fires, investigated 1,316 sudden deaths, closed up after 4,615 careless storekeepers who had gone home leaving store or safe open and the way clear for thieves, which latter had to be provided against by a thorough search in each case, or the storekeeper would have charged the policeman with neglect; shot 411 more or less mad dogs, stopped 224 runaway teams, found 129 out of 174 missing persons, sent 1,132 live animals that were astray in the streets to the pound, and more than 30,000 dead ones to Barren Island. The force furnished rescuing crews where they were needed at fourteen collisions in the harbor and for one shipwreck. To come to the present year, the detective office of the old city alone caused the arrest of 2,556 thieves and other malefactors in the twelve months that ended with June, whose combined sentences on conviction footed up over 1,275 years, brought two murderers to the scaffold and put one behind the bars for life, and recovered more than a quarter of a million dollars' worth of stolen property. In spite of which showing—rather I should say because of it—there was no "epidemic of crime" in New York. All considered, New York, with its many clashing elements, with its great wealth and its bitter poverty and the many temptations which the cleft between them harbors, is as quiet and peaceful a town as is found the world over; for which, since they are blamed when anything goes amiss, at least a share of the credit should be given to the police.

When strikes and labor troubles break out, or a hotly contested election or any one of the hundred causes of popular excitement in a metropolitan city interrupts the routine of his work, the policeman's duty becomes most arduous. There is no "night home" for him then, sometimes for weeks together. The station-houses become camps where the reserves are always resting on their arms, ready for the call at any moment. It is then that "the Finest" comes out strong and deserves its name. Individually and collectively, it has always risen to the emergency. It has come to be well understood that it would be safer for rioters to face a militia regiment than a squad of New York's policemen on its mission of preserving the peace; hence rioting in New York has ceased. On the department's roll of honor are the names of thirty-four policemen who since its organization have been killed, some in the fight with the mobs of a past day, some by thieves, like Patrolman Frederick Smith, who, less than a year ago, surprised a thief in the act of breaking open the poor-box in the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer and was shot dead by him. Others perished in the effort to save life. Three hundred and seventy keep them company who lived to see their names posted for valiant deeds.[1] They are the Department! —Four Hundred of whom it is justly proud. Those who imagine that the force is wedded by choice to the political partnership that has

[1] The roll of honor here referred to embraces only the old city's police force.

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ROUNDSMAN FREDERICK L. STAHL

been its undoing may find a suggestion of the truth in the fact that, though the roll covers a stretch of forty years, the three years of the Roosevelt non-political board added nearly one-fourth to its volume. The case of Roundsman Michael Gorman, who was among the first promoted and distinguished by the Reform Board on his record of gallantry, is characteristic enough to tell the whole story. The fact that Gorman had saved a woman from drowning attracted the attention of Mr. Roosevelt, who summoned him to Headquarters to see what kind of a man he was. It developed that he was a veteran of the Civil War, grown gray in the service, who in twenty-two years had saved more than that number of persons from death by drowning and by fire. Congress had twice distinguished him with medals for valor, passing special laws for the purpose. The Life-Saving Society and the Department had decorated him, but, as he had no "pull" of any kind, he had never got further than to be a Roundsman.

It appeared that there was not a complaint of any kind against him during all those years. Mr. Roosevelt and his colleagues made him a Sergeant, and within a few months, at the age of fifty-five, he saved his twenty-ninth life, under circumstances that made the Board publicly express the regret that it could do nothing more for him than to tell him that he was an honor to the department. He had all the medals and bars to medals that were to be had.

Does any one imagine that a body of seven thousand men, of normal human desires and ambitions, would naturally prefer the political plan which left Michael Gorman a Roundsman, and would have left him there to the end of his days, to the scheme that singled him out at once for his long-delayed reward? If so, his credulity is greater than my experience with men illustrates.

I cannot forbear dwelling here for a moment upon two or three of the "honor men" whose careers I have followed for years with interest. Everybody will recall Bicycle-policeman John Schuessler, whose apparent affinity for fires, mad dogs, runaways, and every species of emergency along his beat more than once startled New York. It was almost a regular thing to hear of his being laid up as the result of some desperate rescue, out of which he came always the winner, but rarely unhurt. He also received all the distinctions the Board could confer. The case of Detective Sergeant Jacob von Gerichten stands out in my memory, too, among many. The prisoner whom he was taking home from up the State saw his chance and jumped from an express train running at full speed. The old detective—he was long past his prime

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then—leaped after him without a moment's hesitation, and saved his neck and his prisoner. Best do I remember, however, the killing of the ruffian McGowan on March 23, 1883, by Roundsman, now Captain, John Delaney, at No. 144 Hester Street. As a specimen of downright unyielding pluck it was extraordinary. Delaney was a court officer at the time, and went to serve a warrant for violation of the excise law, or something of the sort, upon McGowan, who was barkeeper in one of the most notorious dives of the day. McGowan received him in his room and shot him down at sight. The bullet destroyed Delaney's eye, lodging in the skull back of the eyeball and causing him the most excruciating pain. Bleeding, almost sightless, he had but one conscious thought—that his prisoner was escaping. Down the tenement stairs he groped his way after him, reaching the door just as the cowardly assassin threw himself into a cab that was standing there and ordered the driver to whip up his horse. He did, but Roundsman Delaney sprang like a cat upon the back of the carriage, and, clinging to it with desperate effort, shot McGowan dead through the little glass pane to which he pressed his pistol with his last strength. He had distinguished himself before by saving people from drowning and from being burned up; and he is the same Captain Delaney, by the way, over whose demand for advancement on political grounds the row arose that resulted in the recent retirement of Chief McCullagh. Delaney happens to be a Tammany policeman, with a firm belief in the maxim that the spoils belong rightfully to the victor. As an individual opinion, that goes well enough with fighting pluck on the force. The Irish-American stock with which it comes near to being an article of faith has furnished some of the best as well as some of the worst men the department has ever had, and occasionally it has been hard to draw the line. Until very recently this stock formed the bulk of the force. The need of seeing to it that the spoils programme is not made the department policy is apparent from the statement.

Led by a Roosevelt, the police force might—indeed, it would—in a very few years have become the most magnificent body of men to be found anywhere. Instead, it was for forty years the football of designing politicians and of bad men's ambition. The wonder is not that it fell so low, but that it was not corrupted through and through. That it was not was shown by the ready response to Mr. Roosevelt's appeal during the short time he was at the head of the department. I do not believe that in its worst days a majority of the force, or anything like it, was actually involved in the corruption that disgraced it and us; because, in the first place, my experience is that, at the worst, only a very small minority of any given number of persons is actively bad; and, in the next place, I have known too many policemen, in twenty years' daily association with the force, whom I would as soon believe guilty of a dishonorable act as I would my own brother, and no sooner. They were honest and faith-

ROUNDSMAN JOHN SCHUESSLER
Bicycle Policeman.

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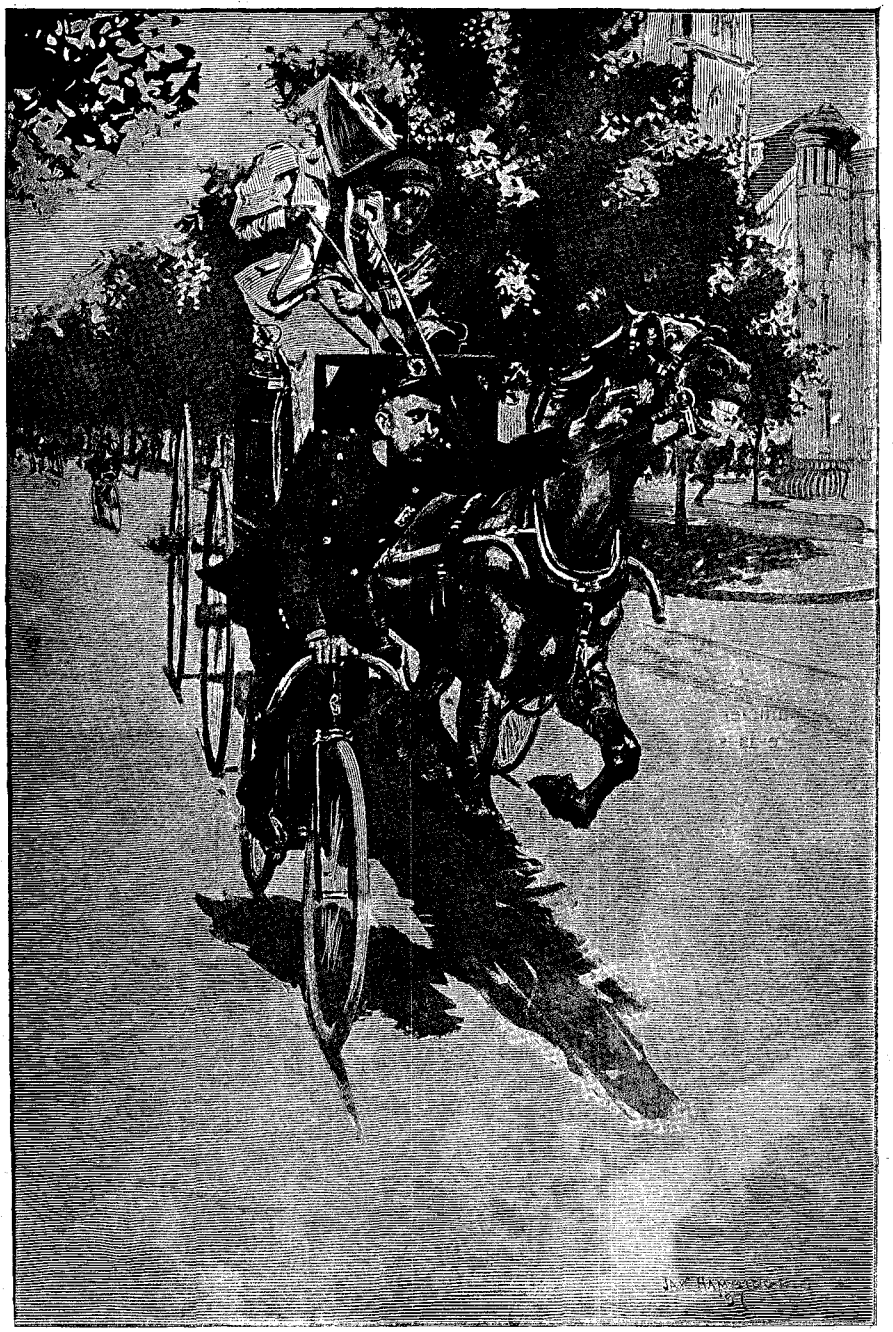

A BICYCLE POLICEMAN'S HEROISM

The records of the bicycle squad show that the stopping of a runaway in the method shown above is not an uncommon incident

ful, but they were helpless against the monstrous wrong that did them greater injustice than it did us harm. No doubt they knew what was going on, yet said nothing about it, and to that extent they were to blame. To that it might be taken as a sufficient answer that the day of Roosevelt had not yet come. The era of Parkhurst and of Lexow was to come first to rouse the civic conscience, or there might have been nothing to appeal to.

After all, a body like the police force reflects the state of public morality fairly well,

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When the tide there runs low, the bad men on the force and elsewhere see their chance and use it; when it runs high, they keep under cover. They are always there ready to profit by their opportunity. When we are willing to admit that every man has his price, we may include the policeman too. There will always be policemen, I suppose, who are in the business for what they can make it pay, by fair means or foul, just as there are teachers and clergymen, and men in every walk of life, who have no higher conception of their profession than to make it pan out well. Remembering the long years during which rascality was at a premium in the department, it would not be strange if there were more of them; but I maintain, upon the basis of personal experience, that the body of the police force is, in spite of it all, made up of men honestly desirous of doing their duty faithfully and of fulfilling to the letter the contract they made with the city; and, further, that this has always been the case. Indeed, why should it not? The policeman's contract is for a life job, at pay above the average for the grade in life from which he usually comes, and with a sufficient pension for old age or disability. He is secure in his place during good behavior; he cannot be removed except on charges supported by legal evidence. His power and legitimate influence are great. As Mr. Roosevelt once said of the "man with the night-stick," "He not merely preserves order—the first essential of both liberty and civilization—but to a large portion of our population he stands as the embodiment as well as the representative of the law of the land."

If, now, it turns out that some of these catch the contagion that is again said to be rampant in the department, I would suggest that, in passing judgment, we put the blame squarely where it belongs. Honest government did not suit New York. It deliberately voted the dishonest crew back, with vastly increased powers for mischief. It was not because it had not seen a light, not because it had no other choice, nor yet, according to my way of thinking, because a majority wanted wrong to be done; but because the majority that wanted decency did not want it badly enough to go out and work for it, and so let the partisans of fraud and corruption have their way. And one of the new Board's earliest acts was to serve notice on the force of seventy-five hundred men, by the removal of the Chief and the substitution of the man who stood above all others in the public mind for the bad old order of things, that business had been resumed at the old stand. Now then, unless the average of citizenship be higher among the seventy-five hundred than in the general community which put them to these straits, can we reasonably expect anything but a repetition of the scandals of three years ago? And why should we assume it to be higher?

There! I meant to keep from arguing, but I guess it cannot be done. Anyway, come what may, the old days can never return with all their badness. The times have changed. Despite an occasional relapse, they have changed for the better, and the ground gained cannot be all lost. The department itself has advanced. However politicians may scheme, they can never again own it in quite the old sense. New ideas have come into it with the appointment of police matrons, the banishment of the tramp from the station-houses, and a dozen other measures of reform that have raised the self-respect and the whole standard of the force. The Roosevelt Board, brief as was its sway, left a mark which nothing can ever quite efface. It upset the notion that politics and the police were forever inseparable, loosened the grip of the saloon-keeper on the force by destroying, temporarily at least, his "pull," took from civil service reform as applied to the force the false reproach that it was an absurd, unreasonable thing, a dream of cranks, when it was seen to work out such results as in the case of Roundsman Gorman, and ushered in an era of enforcement of law that is yet destined to shake the worship of the political Joss to its foundations. When it comes once to be understood that laws are made to be enforced equally upon all citizens for the protection of all, the day of "pull" is past. It swept the worst of the traditions of the force into a rubbish-heap whence some of them may yet be rescued, but not without lasting damage, and impressed upon it the stamp of a strong, sincere personality that is its best legacy from the era of reform, for the moment eclipsed. The best promise for the future of the police force lies in the real regard in which the memory of Theodore Roosevelt is held by the rank and file to-day, more than a year after he ceased to have a voice in the management of the department.

The world moves on many parallel lines toward the better day. One of the strongest

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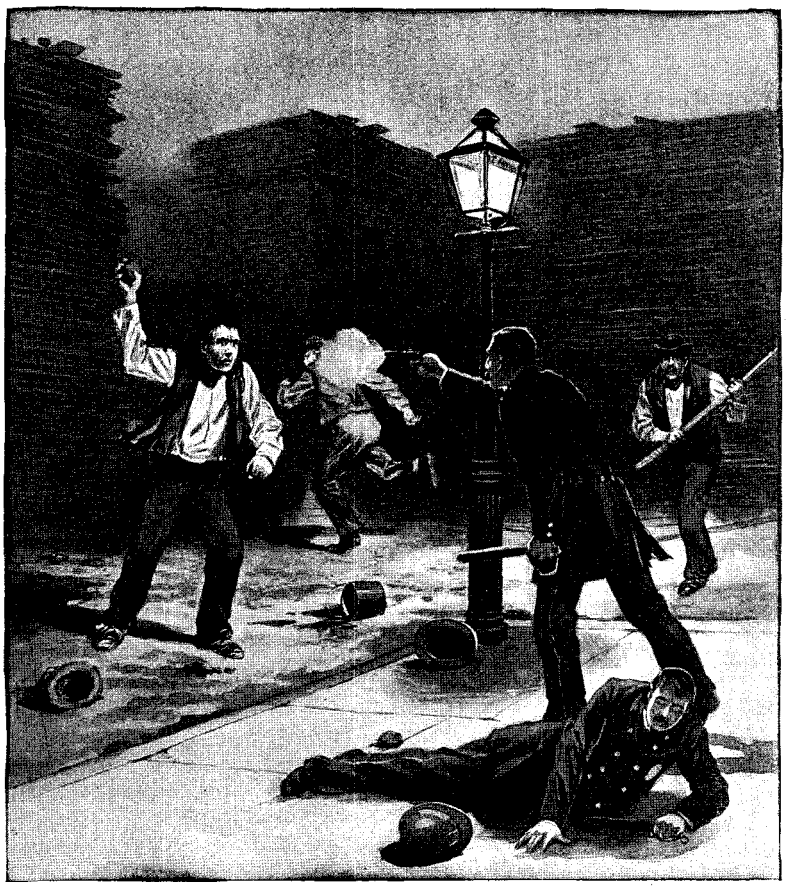

A NIGHT SCENE NEAR THE DOCKS

allies of order, and therefore of an efficient police, is even now coming in the public playground, that will give the "gang" its death-blow and make law and authority respected by the boy. How should he respect them when the policeman, their visible embodiment, was his natural enemy, set to catch him playing ball in the street if he could, as if he were guilty of a heinous offense, while the landlord watched over his windows in the yard, where there was a yard? The police on Manhattan Island arrested over fourteen thousand boys in 1897. I have no means of knowing how many of them were locked up for playing ball, but I remember well, and the readers of The Outlook remember with me, that one was shot by a policeman for this transgression, after a chase of blocks. Doubtless the storekeeper had his grievances, but they were as nothing to the injury inflicted upon the boy, upon the community that lost him, and upon the policeman who had to fight him until he got him behind the bars, where no boy ever ought to be. When the first small parks were laid out in the Mulberry Bend and at Corlears Hook, the precinct police reported that the gangs vanished as if by magic. Of course they did. The boys found something better to do than to fight; they could play now. That was what they wanted. With the era of playgrounds and common sense there will come also a time of good feeling and fellowship in which the boy and the policeman shall find each other as ally and friend. I think I saw it coming when, some months ago, a couple of little shavers wandered into Police Headquarters in search of "the Commissioner." They were an odd pair: a little hunchback girl with a grave, sweet face, who held her little brother tightly by the hand. He had a bloody nose. They had come for justice, she explained. In the tenement where they lived some undesirable tenants had moved in, and objection had been raised that sent the police there. On the suspicion that the children's

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mother had complained, the aggrieved tenants had "punched" the boy's nose until he had to have the doctor. The little hunchback brought the medicine-bottle as evidence. She undid her bundle and presented it with a serene confidence that she would get the justice she sought, which bore its proper fruit. The pair went home comforted. Nothing like it had ever happened before in Mulberry Street; but it was good to see that, from the policeman at the door to "the Commissioner" in his office, there was not a man in the big building who was not doing his share to see that their wrongs were righted.

I have outrun my space, and I have said nothing yet of the great Pension Fund, the solid background of the policeman's life prospect, with its capital of half a million dollars, its annual revenue derived in part from the excise moneys and other charges fixed by law, in part from a two per cent. assessment on the salaries of the force, and its army of seventeen hundred and odd pensioners, among whom there are 571 widows and 158 orphans. The fund paid out in June $71,788.01, which is at the rate of $861,000 and over for the year. I have said nothing about that prodigy of financiering, the Riot Relief Fund, which, started in 1863 by citizens for the relief of the families of policemen and firemen who were killed or injured in the draft riots, has paid out more than its original capital of $55,000, yet has it unimpaired to-day, after coming twice to the rescue of the pension fund with gifts of $10,000 from its surplus. The last to receive a check for $1,000 from the fund was the widow of the murdered officer, Frederick Smith. I have said nothing of the Broadway Squad of giants, a call for recruits for which brought recently from the department's ranks more than four hundred applicants who were more than the required six feet in height and stout in proportion—a "detail," this Broadway service, which is popularly supposed to be the "softest" of "snaps," yet which has cost two men their lives and seen more than a dozen maimed and torn. No one thinks of a policeman at a Broadway crossing as a hero, and he isn't. He is just there doing his duty, which is to see to it that the rest of the community does not get run over. Yet the casualties of that service are quite as numerous as those of some battles recently fought, only the marksmanship of the cable-cars is rather better than that of the Spanish gunners. I have said nothing of the police telegraph, nothing of the Rogues' Gallery, reconstructed upon the modern Bertillon plan. And I have merely alluded in passing to that recent and most valuable addition to the police force, the Bicycle Squad. When Major Andrews, Mr. Roosevelt's loyal and efficient colleague, who was himself a wheelman, proposed the detailment of four patrolmen to this duty in December, 1895, the idea was hailed as an amiable piece of crankery of no practical utility. But within a year and a half the little detail had swelled into the proportions of a full precinct, with station-house on Broadway. In six months the "bike cops" had made 1,667 arrests, 1,127 of them for reckless riding by bicyclists, and reduced the dangerous practice by fully fifty per cent. But this was not all. They had arrested 115 drunken men, 106 for disorderly conduct, 81 reckless drivers, stopped 75 fights, made 58 thieves prisoners, and 10 prisoners for felonious assault. One of their number had been killed pursuing a runaway, and six had earned a place on the roll of honor, one of them three times. No wonder the work of the squad attracted the admiring attention of cities abroad.

These things I might have dwelt upon. It would have been easier, perhaps more profitable to the reader. The other seemed to me a duty from which I was unable to get away. I am aware that there are many who differ wholly from me; who believe that the temptations the business offers have corrupted the force to the core. I do not. I believe that policemen are just men like the rest of us, engaged in a business which attracts some unscrupulous persons by offering unusual opportunities to them, and that until the connection between politics and the police is broken, which makes merchandise of vice, and blackmails equally the criminal and the policeman, it will never be different. But I believe that it will be broken; that we shall yet see a non-partisan police management succeed the bi-partisan fraud and failure, and that when this grievous obstacle to the emancipation of the police shall have been surmounted at last, the man who will hail the better day most gladly will be the man of the rank and file who does the good police work for which others get the credit, while they load the odium of their corruption on his back—the man whom Theodore Roosevelt trusted, and who believed in him in turn, and so showed of what stuff he was made—the man with the night-stick.

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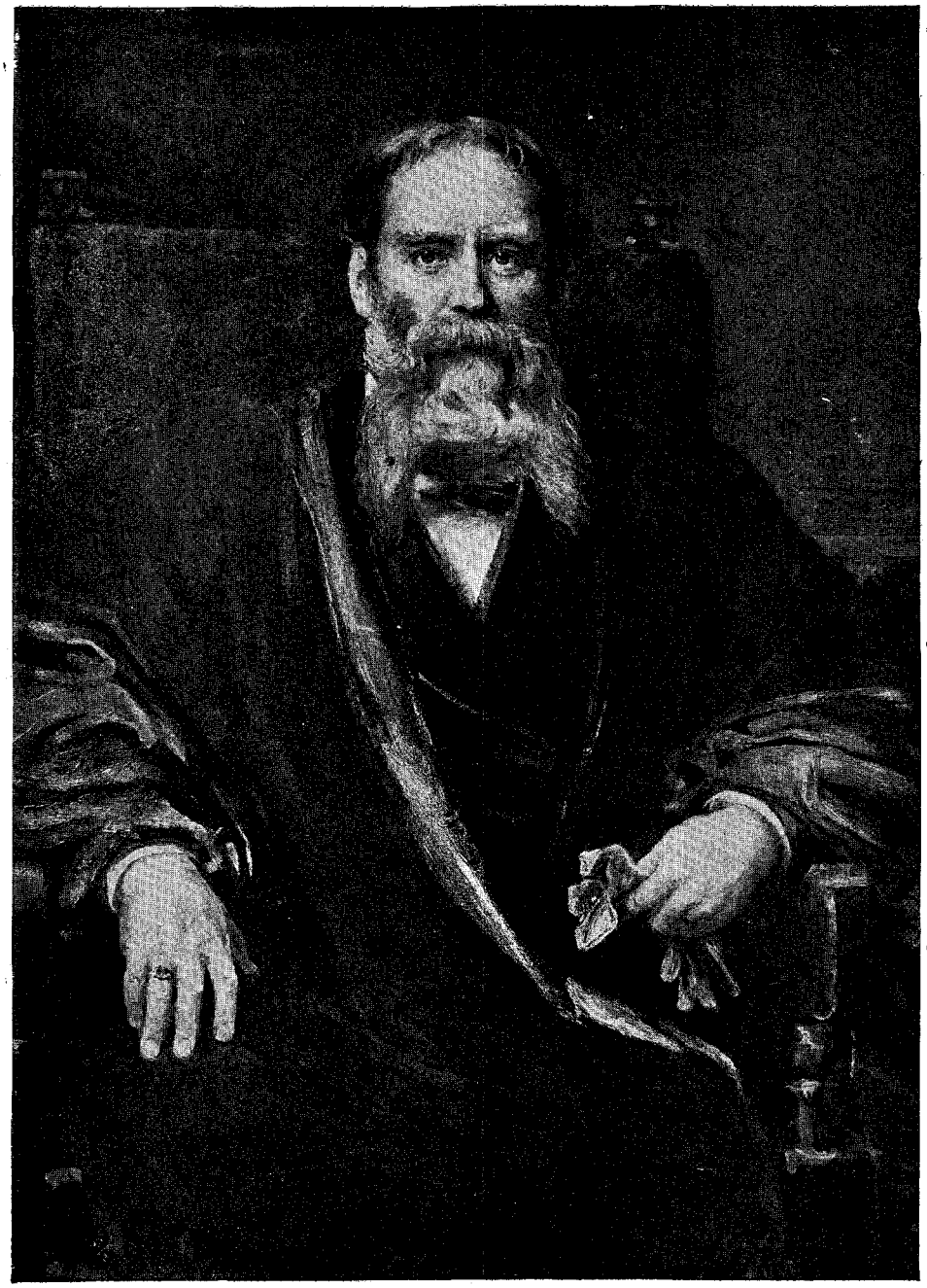

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

From a portrait by Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, painted at Boston in 1886.

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James Russell Lowell and His Friends[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

XIV.—MINISTER TO ENGLAND

IN England Mr. Lowell rendered essential service to his country. His firmness, serenity, courtesy, and diligence enabled him to keep on the best terms with the members of the English Cabinet with whom he had to do. He was to a remarkable degree, as we shall see, a favorite with all classes of the English people. He satisfied the administration of President Hayes, who sent him. He did not satisfy the more talkative leaders of the Irish-Americans, who, to use a happy phrase of his, were like an actor who "takes alternately the characters of a pair of twins who are never seen on the stage simultaneously."

But nobody could have satisfied them. They were in a false position—so false that even diplomacy of the old fashion could not have satisfied it. No man can serve two masters, and no man can be a citizen of two nations at the same time. So those gentlemen found out who, while, as Irishmen, they pressed the Irish people to revolt, fell back under the ægis of America when they got into trouble. For the others, for those who had really made themselves Americans, and meant to remain such, Mr. Lowell was more than the advocate. He was their fearless guardian. And in such guardianship he was always successful. And, be it said, first and last, he knew nothing of the morals of that diplomacy of the older fashion. He might have directed a despatch wrong, so that Lord Granville should read what was meant for Mr. Evarts, and Mr. Evarts what was meant for Lord Granville, and no harm would have been done. That was his way—as, be it said, it is the way of gentlemen, and, generally, of our National negotiations.

At the same time Lowell made friends in England among all classes of people. For a generation the line of American Ministers had generally been good. True, we had sent one or two fools there, generally to get them out of the way of home aspirations and ambitions. But Mr. Everett, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Adams, Mr. Welsh, and Mr. Motley were all conscientious, intelligent gentlemen, who really were as much interested in English history and English literature as Englishmen were, and "really, you know, they spoke English very well, with almost no accent, you know."

Diplomacy, and the whole business of ambassadory, is, in fact, about as much out of place in our time as chain mail is, or as orders of precedence are. But people of sense try to make a new diplomacy in which each nation can approach, not the government of the other, but the people. And Mr. Lowell, who could think on his feet, who could speak well in public, who had always something to say, and who, indeed, liked to say it, had a real "calling" in this line. He made, in his English stay, several public speeches which did more good than any "state paper," so called, could have done. In private society he was a favorite, as he was everywhere. In 1882 somebody told me in London the story of an invitation which Lord Granville, the Foreign Minister, had sent him. Lord Granville, in a friendly note, asked him to dinner, saying at the same time that he knew how foolish it was to give such short notice "to the most engaged man in London." Lowell replied that "the most engaged man is glad to dine with the most engaging."

Also, London is an excellent place in which to study, and to learn without studying. And, from the first, Lowell enjoyed London and England. Mrs. Lowell was able sometimes to receive her friends, and even to bear the fatigue of a reception at court, and of presenting to the Queen American ladies who visited London. She made herself most welcome in the circle, not large, whom she was able to meet in that way. The delicacy of her health, however, prevented her husband from attempting the more public social functions of hospitality, of that kind that consists mostly in calling people together to dinners or evening parties. But he was, all the same, cordial to all comers from his own nation, ready and successful in promoting their object, while, as has been said, he was at ease among all classes in England. His holidays, if we may call them so, were spent privately in visits with friends, and for six or seven summers in Whitby—the Whitby of Marmion, in 'the North of

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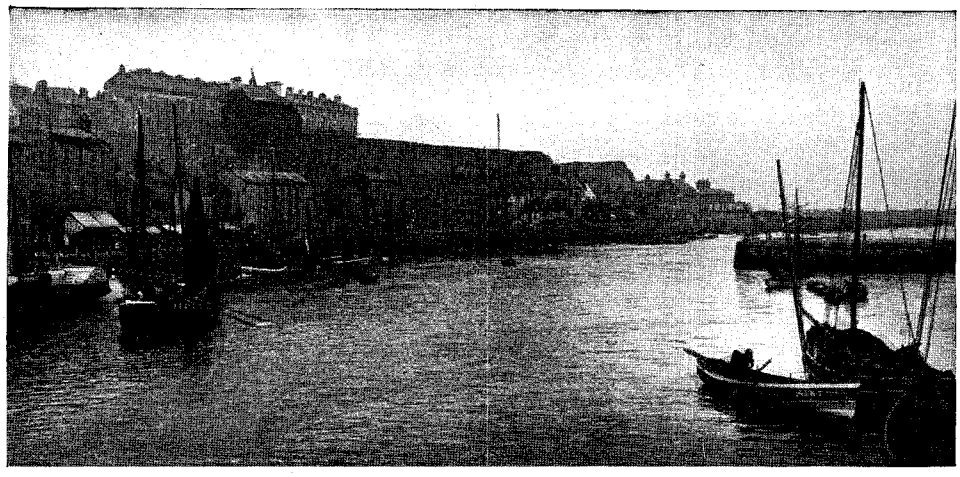

WHITBY: THE HARBOR

England—a place of which he was very fond.

He was presented and began on his formal duties in the winter of 1881–2. His stay in England lasted until June 10, 1885. Mrs. Lowell had died in February of that year.

The first important matter in his negotiations was connected with the Irish disaffection. Most general readers to-day will have forgotten that an insurrection, or plan of insurrection, attributed to the Fenian organization, had disturbed Ireland and frightened England not long before. The name Fenian was taken from Fein McCoil, the *Fin*-gal of Ossian. Lowell, who could never resist a pun which had any sense in it, called the Fenians *Fai-néants*, which, as it proved, was fair enough, except that they and theirs kept the English masters in alarm. I was talking with a Liberal in England in May, 1873, and he said, "Why, if you had landed in Ireland you would have been in jail by this time." I asked what was the matter with me. And he said that my crush hat and my broad-toed shoes would have convicted me. Now the shoes had been bought in Bristol, only three days before, and I said so. "Bristol? were they? Well, they knew you were a Yankee." That is to say, any one who looked like an outsider had to run his chances with the Irish constables of the time.

Among others who were less fortunate than I, Henry George was arrested. He was as innocent as I, and was at once released, with proper apologies.

The view which Lowell took, and the dilemma in which his Irish clients acted, and even went to prison, are well explained in a despatch from which I will make a few short extracts. The whole collection of despatches show the extreme unwillingness of Lord Granville to give offense in America:

MR. LOWELL TO THE AMERICAN SECRETARY

"March 14, 1882. (Received March 27.)

"In concluding this despatch I may be permitted to add that I have had repeated assurances from the highest authority that there would be great reluctance in arresting a naturalized citizen of the United States, were he known to be such. But it is seldom known, and those already arrested have acted in all respects as if they were Irishmen, sometimes engaged in trade, sometimes in farming, and sometimes filling positions in the local government. This, I think, is illustrated by a phrase in one of Mr. Hart's letters, to the effect that he never called himself an American. He endeavors, it is true, in a subsequent letter, to explain this away as meaning American born; but it is obviously absurd that a man living in his native village should need to make any such explanation. Naturalized Irishmen seem entirely to misconceive the process through which they have passed in assuming American citizenship, looking upon themselves as Irishmen who have acquired a right to American protection, rather than as Americans who have renounced a claim to Irish nationality."

Simply, the view he sustained is that well laid down in two letters written to Mr. Barrows, to be read to one of these prisoners, from which here are a few extracts. They embody briefly the established policy of our Government:

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"The principles upon which I have based my action in all cases of applications to me from naturalized citizens now imprisoned in Ireland under the Coercion Act are those upon which our Government has acted, and in case of need would act again. I think it important that all such persons should be made to understand distinctly that they cannot be Irishmen and Americans at the same time, as they now seem to suppose, and that they are subject to the operation of the laws of the country in which they choose to live."

In another letter he says:

"If British subjects are being arrested for no more illegal acts than those which the prisoner is charged with having committed, or of the intention to commit which he is justly suspected, it seems that, however arbitrary and despotic we may consider the 'Coercion Act' to be, we are, nevertheless, bound to submit in silence to the action taken under it by the authorities even against our own fellow-citizens.

"It should be observed that this act is a law of the British Parliament, the legitimate source and final arbiter of all law in these realms, and that, as it would be manifestly futile to ask the Government here to make an exception on behalf of an American who had brought himself within the provisions of any law thus sanctioned, so it would be manifestly unbecoming in a diplomatic representative, unless by express direction of his superiors, to enter upon an argument with the Government to which he is accredited as to the policy of such a law or the necessarily arbitrary nature of its enforcement."

That neither he nor the American Government was hard on the "suspects" appears from several letters, of which this illustrates the tenor:

TO OUR CONSUL AT LIMERICK

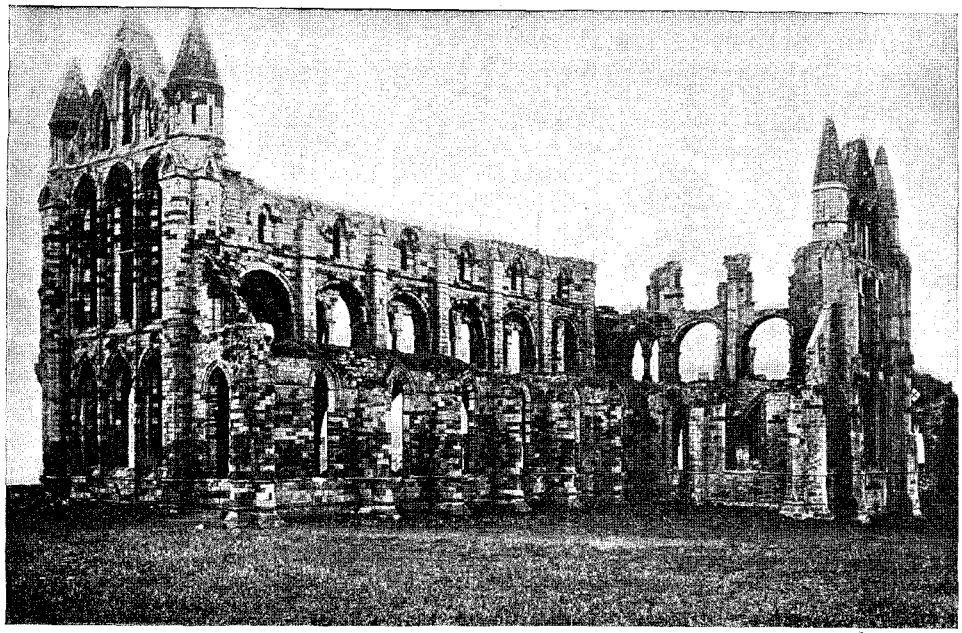
"You will please see without delay John McInerny and Patrick Slattery, suspects claiming to be American citizens and confined in Limerick jail, and say to each of them that 'in case he should be liberated you have authority to pay him forty pounds sterling for his passage to the United States,' for which sum you may draw upon me at sight."

This sort of correspondence ended in May, 1882. The following letter was practically the end of it.

TO MR. FRELINGHUYSEN

"Meanwhile it is nearly certain that all the suspects, except those charged with crimes of violence, will be very shortly set at liberty, thus rendering nugatory the most effective argument in favor of disorder and resistance to the law."

To turn from such correspondence to his



RUINS OF WHITBY ABBEY

Lowell spent five summers in Whitby—"a wonderfully picturesque place," he writes in 1887

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WHITBY

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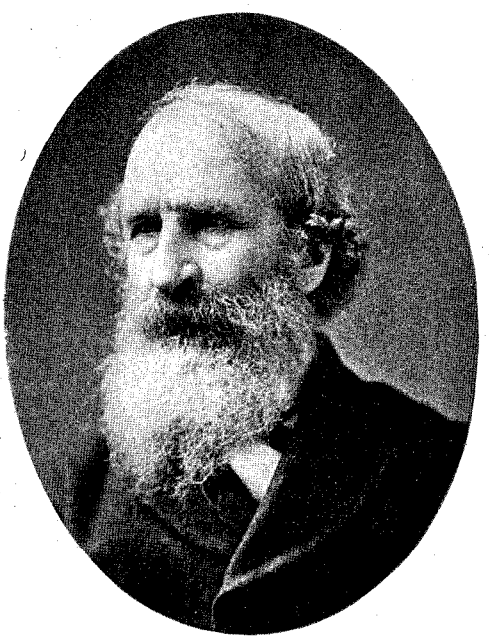
frank relations with the People of England, it is interesting to see how readily he accepted the modern theory of American diplomacy. This makes the foreign Minister the representative not only of the Administration, but of every individual among the people. It recognizes the people as indeed the sovereign. In this view, for instance, the American Minister has to place rightly the inquiries of every person in the United States who thinks that there is a fortune waiting for him in the custody of the Court of Chancery. In such cases the American citizen addresses "his Minister" directly. On a large scale the foreign Minister has the same sort of correspondence as the "domestic minister" at home, of whose daily mail half is made up of the inquiries of people who have not an encyclopædia, a directory, or a dictionary, or, having them, find it more easy to address the clergyman whose name they first see in the newspaper. They turn to him to ask what was the origin of the Aryan race or what is meant by the fourth estate.



WILLIAM PAGE

The reader who has not delved into the diplomatic correspondence does not readily conceive of the range of subjects which thus come under the attention of an American Minister abroad, in the present habit, which unites the old diplomacy and the formality of old centuries with the hustling end-of-the-century practice, in which every citizen enjoys the attention of the Minister. In Lowell's case subjects as various as the burial of John Howard Payne's body, the foot-and-mouth disease in cattle, the theological instruction in the schools of Bulgaria, the assisted emigration to America of paupers from Ireland, and the nationality of Patrick O'Donnell, occupy one year's correspondence. Those of us who think that the old diplomacy is as much outside modern life as chain mail is, or the quintessences of old chemistry, might well take the body of John Howard Payne as an object-lesson.

(1) John Howard Payne wrote "Home Sweet Home.

(2) 1852. He died and was buried in Tunis, where he represented the United States.

(3) 1882. Mr. W. W. Corcoran thought he should like to bury his body in America, with a proper monument.

(4) October. Mr. Corcoran asked the co-operation of Mr. Frelinghuysen, our Secretary of State.

(5) October. Mr. Frelinghuysen writes to Mr. Lowell to ask for the intervention of the British Government, because we have no representative in Tunis.

(6) November. Mr. Lowell writes to Lord Granville, the English Foreign Secretary.

(7) November. Lord Granville bids Mr. Lister attend to it.

(8) November. Mr. Lister writes to Mr. Reade and to Mr. Lowell to say he has done so.

(9) January, 1883. Mr. Lowell writes to Mr. Frelinghuysen to say how far they have all got.

(10) January. Mr. Frelinghuysen writes to Mr. Lowell to ask that the body may be sent to Marseilles.

(11) January. Mr. Lowell writes this to Lord Granville.

(12) January. Lord Granville telegraphs to Mr. Reade at Tunis, and writes to Mr. Lowell that he has done so.

Meanwhile they become impatient at Washington, and the Assistant Secretary telegraphs:

January 2. "Have you received news from Tunis relative to Payne's remains?"

Mr. Lowell telegraphs back, much as if it were the answer in the "Forty Thieves:"

January 3. "Not yet, but presently."

On the same day, apparently, or

January 1. Lord Granville receives a telegram from Tunis to say that all has been done and that the remains would be shipped to Marseilles.

January 6. Mr. Reade explains all to Lord Granville, and also to Mr. Taylor. Every one was present at the disinterment who should have been.

January 12. Mr. Lowell thanks Lord Granville and Mr. Currie and Mr. Reade and all the other officials.

February 9. Mr. Frelinghuysen asks Mr.

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CHARLES KINGSLEY

Lowell to thank everybody; and it is to be presumed he does so.

Very well. This required a good deal of red tape. But it was very nice of Mr. Corcoran to put a monument to the poet of "Home," and somebody must do something.

It is interesting to see how wide are the consequences of such courtesies, and how important they may be.

Lowell really wanted to serve the American people, and any intelligent question addressed to him found a courteous and intelligent reply. It would not be difficult to give a hundred instances, and if any of the diplomats of to-day sometimes groan under the burden of such correspondence, let me encourage them by copying an autograph letter of his which a friend has sent to me this morning. A public-spirited gentleman in Minnesota had determined that there should be a school of forestry in that State. He knew there was such a school in India at Dehradun. He wanted the report of that school, and so he sent to the United States Legation in London to ask for it. Here is Mr. Lowell's reply, and it is interesting to know from Mr. Andrews that it was of real service in the establishment of the first school of forestry of America:

Legation of the United States,
London, March 10, 1882.

Dear Sir: On receiving your letter of the 17th of February I at once wrote to Lord Harrington, who the next day sent me the report, which I now have the pleasure of forwarding to you, and especially if it helps you in awakening public opinion to the conservation of our forests ere it be too late. I foresee a time when our game and forest laws will be Draconian in proportion to their present culpable laxity.

Faithfully yours,
J. R. LOWELL.

Hon. C. C. Andrews.

A foreign Minister of America once said to me that Diplomacy meant Society, and Society Diplomacy. He meant that the important things are done in personal conversation between man and man, as they sip their coffee after a dinner-party, perhaps. The conclusions thus arrived at get themselves put into form afterwards in despatches. In this view of diplomacy it was fortunate for all parties that Mr. Lowell and Lord Granville were the correspondents who had American affairs in hand, from such "emblems" as the American flag on Lord Mayor's Day round to the nationality of Mr. O'Connor. Fortunate, because the two liked each other.

Lord Granville's term of office as Foreign Secretary was almost the same as Lowell's as American Minister. Granville came in with the Gladstone Ministry in April, 1882, and he went out of office with them in 1885. Lowell's personal relations with him were those of great intimacy. He not only regarded Lord Granville with cordial respect, but knew him as an intimate friend. In 1886 he visited Lord Granville at Holmbury, at a time when Mr. Gladstone was also visiting there. "I saw Gladstone the other day, and he was as

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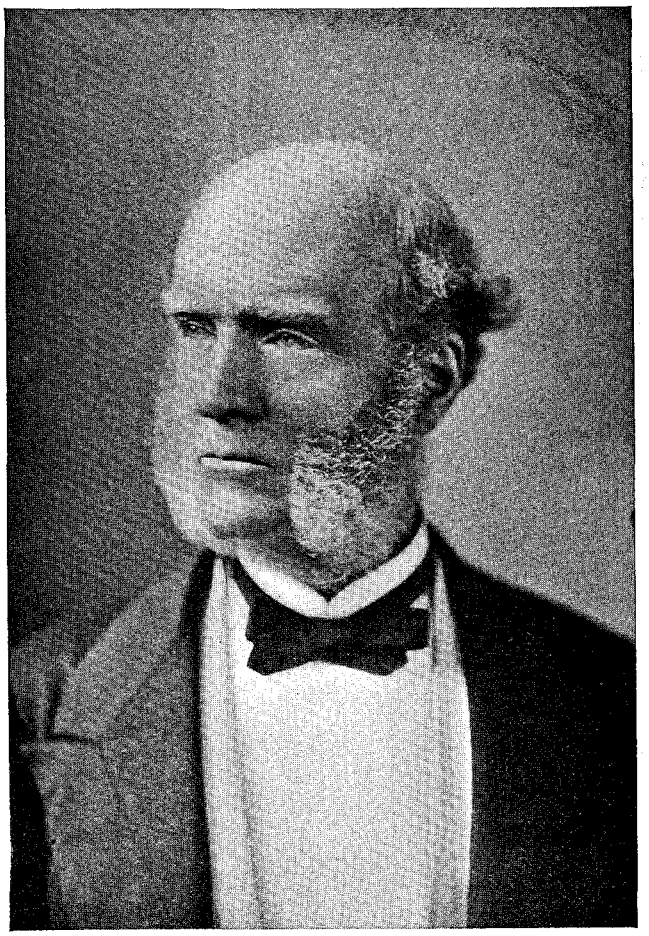
buoyant (*boy*ant) as when I stayed with him at Holmbury, just before he started for Scotland. I think the Fates are with him, and that the Tories will have to take up Home Rule where he left it."



THOMAS HUGHES

Lord Granville was very young when he entered Parliament, as Mr. Levison Gower, Member for Morpeth. He is said to have regretted the change of work in the House of Lords when he became Lord Granville. In 1859, when he was not forty-five years old, the Queen asked him to form a Cabinet, and in 1880 she consulted him with the same view again; but he did not become chief of the Ministry at either time. He served under Lord Palmerston and under Mr. Gladstone, as he had done under Lord John Russell. He was, while he lived, the leader of the Liberals the House of Lords, always in the minority, whatever the policy of the hour, but always cordial, amiable, and conciliatory. On Gladstone's retirement in 1878 he was spoken of as the real leader of the Liberal party. It is said of him that he always kept a friend who was once a friend—that he was willing to yield small points in controversy rather than to keep a quarrel in existence, and always "sacrificed his personal interests to those of his party."

Such a man is a friend whom one likes to have; and such a character gives point to Lowell's joke, which I have cited, which calls him the most engaging man in London. I remember with pleasure the first time I saw him. He was acting as Chancellor of the University of London—as long ago as 1873. He was presenting the diplomas to those who had passed the examinations for degrees of that University. This means that two or three hundred young men, from all parts of Great Britain, were presented to him, by the heads of perhaps twenty different colleges, to receive this distinction. Now, such a formality may be merely a function, and stupid to see and stupid to go through. In this case there was genuine personal contact between the Chancellor and the neophyte. As each one of those youths, proud or timid, came up, and as Lord Granville gave the diploma to each, he detained him, for the moment, by some personal word or inquiry—such as you could guess the man who was entering life would always remember. With such a man Lowell would be sure to be on sympathetic terms. And I suppose they met each other, or were in close correspondence, almost every day in the "season."

But Lowell was not only the Minister from the people; he was a messenger to the people. And he had sense enough and historical knowledge enough to know that since there has been an America on the western side of the Atlantic, the English *people*—the rank and file—have been in sympathy with

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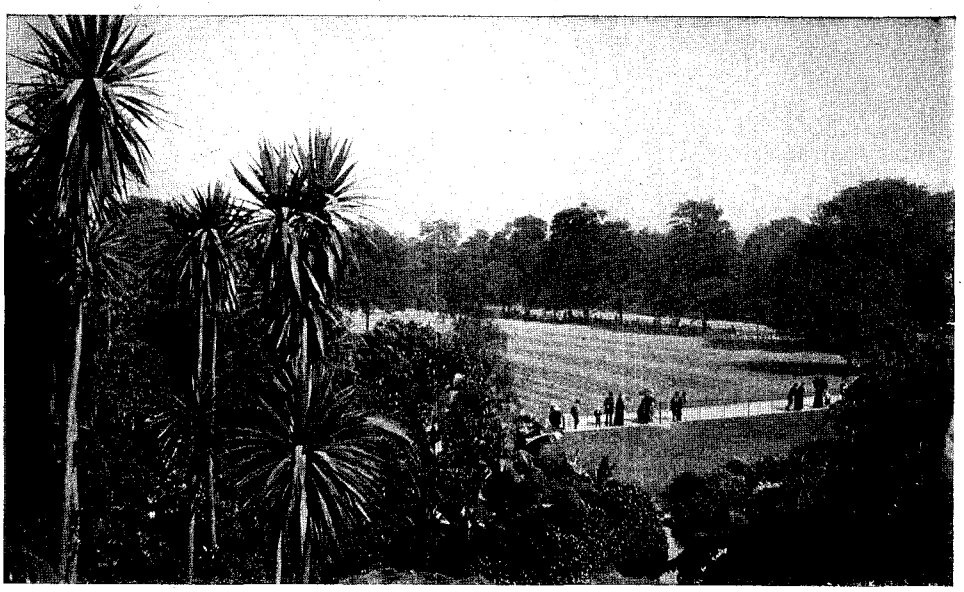

A SCENE IN HYDE PARK

the thought and feeling and purposes of that American people. When my brother Charles was in London in 1863, and the English Government was acting, on the whole, as badly as it dared toward the United States, a member of the Cabinet said to him one day, "The clubs are against you, Mr. Hale, but the people of England are with you." This was true then; it was true in the American Revolution; it was true in Cromwell's time—he has no title which is more sure than that of the "Friend of New England." The same thing is true to-day.

Now, Lowell never said to himself, "Go to, I will address myself to the people of Great Britain," or "The people of Great Britain is one thing, and the clubs of London another." But because he was the man he was, he was always glad to meet the people and the men of the people, and let them really know what America is. It is not the America of interviewers, of excursionists, of *nouveaux riches* millionaires, or of namby-pamby philanthropists attendant on international conventions. These are the individuals whom the people of England are most apt to see. But the people of America, at home, have wider interests than theirs, and affairs more important than they have. Lowell felt this in every fiber of his life, and if the Workingmen's College in London, or some public meeting at Birmingham, or a Coleridge monument, gave him a chance to give to the people of England his notion of what the people of America are, and have in hand, why, he was most glad to do so.

This is no place in which to describe or discuss his successes as a public speaker in England. It was a matter of course that, as soon as he spoke once, whoever heard him would be glad to hear him again; and he must have had proposals without number for his assistance in public dinners, at the unveiling of monuments, and in addresses of wider range and of more permanent importance.

In the two volumes of admirable memoirs of English life which Mr. Smalley has published, one chapter is given quite in detail to the description of Lowell's remarkable welcome among Englishmen of every degree. In that chapter, which I suppose is made from one or two letters published at the time, Mr. Smalley quotes "The Spectator" as saying that Englishmen, whether they knew Mr. Lowell or not, looked on him as a personal friend.

Of all the various addresses which contributed, each in its place, to his reputation as a public speaker, that delivered at Birmingham on "Democracy" is the most remarkable. It has, indeed, become a classic. It deserves its reputation; and it undoubtedly states with careful accuracy Lowell's foundation feeling as to the institutions of this country, and what may be expected if democracy is fairly understood and fairly applied. No one who was familiar with him or with his letters, or had really studied his more serious

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poems, will receive any of the utterances in this great address as being new. They were the words of a careful scholar who was born under favorable circumstances in the midst of democracy admirably well applied. His training was all the better because the people of Massachusetts were, so to speak, democratic in their origin and in the habit of their thought, without having formed many abstract theories on the subject, and being always, indeed, quite indifferent as to what the speculative theory might be.

An American Minister abroad must not be often or long absent from his post. But there are methods by which four fortnights of permitted absence may be added together, and your outing taken at once. In some way Lowell was thus free for a roam through the Continent to Italy in the autumn of 1881. In Italy he and Story and Mr. Richard Dana met. Dana was at the Wells School with him when they were little boys, and in Italy they had that most agreeable of companions, Mr. John W. Field. Dana died the next winter, and Lowell writes to Field, "The lesson for us is to close up"—"if a year or two older than I, he belonged more immediately to my own set, and I had known him life long."

In the summer of 1882, returning from Spain to America, I spent a month in London. I told Lowell one day that I was one of the "round-the-world" correspondents of the Murray Dictionary, and that I wanted to call on Dr. Murray. He said he had been trying to do the same thing, and proposed to take me—an invitation which, of course, I accepted.

The reader ought to know that the Oxford Dictionary, now nearly half finished, was undertaken forty-one years ago—as early as 1857. The first suggestion was made by Dean Trench, and, at the vote of the Philological Society, several hundred readers agreed to contribute notes, made in their reading of English books, for the materials of such a dictionary. After twenty-one years, some specimen pages were prepared from the notes collected by such readers, and submitted by Dr. Murray to the Clarendon Press in Oxford. Dr. Murray is now known through the English-speaking world for his charge of this magnificent work, which, I think, men will always call "Murray's Dictionary."

The Directors of the Clarendon Press agreed to assume the immense cost and charge of publication, and in 1888 the first volume of the great series, now as far forward as H and I, appeared. The contributors' names make a very valuable list of people interested in good English. And the volumes thus far published are the treasury to which all other dictionary-makers rush as their great storehouse of materials.

For the purpose of systematic co-operation, each reader was prepared with formal printed blanks. Each of these was to have, as far as his special reading showed, the history of one word. That word in large letters was the head of the completed blank. The reader is not necessarily an authority in language. He is a scout or truffle-dog who brings the result of his explorations to the authorities for comparison with other results.

EARL GRANVILLE

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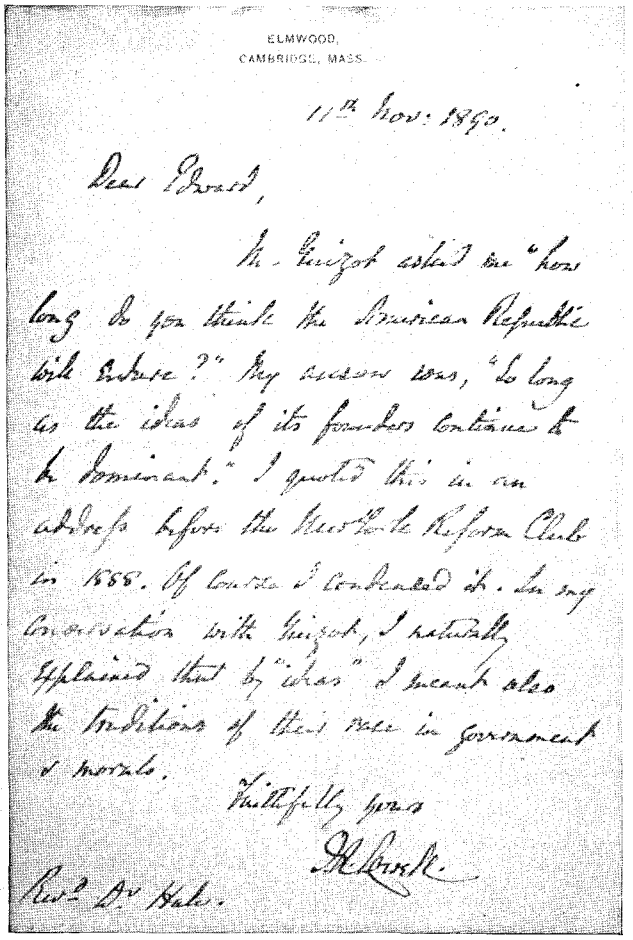
Mill Hill, where the dictionary was then—shall I say manufactured?—is about ten miles, more or less, from the house which Lowell then lived in. As we entered the cab which was to take us, he said that he should bid the driver carry us through the back of the Park, a region which I had never seen. I have been amused since to see how many traveling Americans can say the same thing. Lowell evidently knew its turns and corners and bosks and deserts well. Ragged, barefoot boys were playing cricket in their improvised way with the most primitive of tools, such as they had constructed from the spoils of the streets. No policeman bade them leave the place, no sign intimated that they were to keep off the grass. An admirable loafers' paradise for the real children of the public, such as there is not in our tidy Common in Boston, and such as I never saw in the Central Park of New York. It was pleasant to see how thoroughly at home Lowell was there. To such retreats in London he alludes again and again in his letters: "I have only to walk a hundred yards from my door to be in Hyde Park, where, and in Kensington Gardens, I can tread on green turf and hear the thrushes sing all winter. . . . As for the climate, it suits me better than any I have ever lived in."

Spare a moment, dear reader, to find what greeted us at the Dictionary House. I doubt if they have yet invented any such name as Apotheka, or Power-house, or Granary. As why should they, seeing this is the only such house in the world? A circular house of corrugated iron, originally built for a church, I believe, perhaps fifty feet in diameter, perhaps twenty-five feet high, lighted from the top. It reminded me, at the instant, of the great reading-room of the British Museum, though not so large. Here was Dr. Murray, the distinguished Director, at work with his staff of gentlemen and ladies. Of course he was delighted to see Lowell on the spot, and in the simplest and kindest way he showed us the method of the work.


ELMWOOD,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

11th Nov: 1890.

Dear Edward,

M. Guizot asked me "how long do you think the American Republic will endure?" My answer was, "As long as the ideas of its founders continue to be dominant." I quoted this in an address before the Manhattan Reform Club in 1888. Of course I condensed it. In my conversation with Guizot, I naturally explained that by "ideas" I meant also the traditions of their use in government & morals.

Faithfully yours
J. R. Lowell.

Revd Dr Hale.

A LETTER FROM LOWELL TO DR. HALE

Every day's mail brought to this curious temple of language its new tribute to the history of the English tongue. The slips which I have tried to describe come from Cranberry Center and Big Lick, from Edinburgh and from Hong-Kong. Once a month each of the thousand or more readers mails his budgets, so there would be every day a new parcel to be sorted; and we were ready for them at Mill Hill. Here were twenty or thirty thousand pamphlet-boxes into which these slips were at once sorted. The boxes were arranged in alphabetical order, beginning with that which held the slips of the title word A, and only ending, say, with box 33,333, with the box of ZYX—if there be so convenient a word in the English language.

All which I describe in this detail, because I should

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ELMWOOD

From a copyrighted photograph by Mr. Wilfrid A. French, of Boston.

be glad if the reader will imagine the gay, bright, wise, and instructive talk which followed—oh, for an hour, perhaps hours—between Dr. Murray, the first authority as to English words, and Lowell, the authority most to be relied on as to the language of New England. It was not far from the time when Lowell told the Oxford gentlemen at a public dinner that they spoke English almost as well as their cousins in America. No, I do not remember what were the words these gentlemen discussed. But each was as eager as the other. Was it "doddered" or "daddock"? I do not know. "Miss Mary, will you have the goodness to bring us 'dodder'? And Miss Mary puts up a light ladder to her D O shelf and returns with the pasteboard box which has five and twenty uses of Dodder between the days of Wiclif and Besant, and the two scholars dissect and discuss. You would think that Lowell had never thought of anything else. And yet it is the same Lowell who in a quiet corner of Mrs. Leo Hunter's to-night will be discussing with Lord Granville the amount and quality of the theology which the Great Powers shall permit in the secondary schools of Bulgaria!

I must not try to give any account in detail of the company of literary men and women whom Lowell found in London. Two careful and interesting papers by Mr. Bowker, published in "Harper's" in 1888 and 1889, are well worth the reader's attention. From these papers I have made some lists of people, almost any one of whom you would be glad to have met, who worked their pens in London, or printed their books there, in those years. Mr. Bowker himself, as the English representative of "Harper's," was living there, and his personal notes of these people are valuable as they are entertaining. Of novelists alone he gives a list in which are these names:

Wilkie Collins, R. D. Blackmore, Miss

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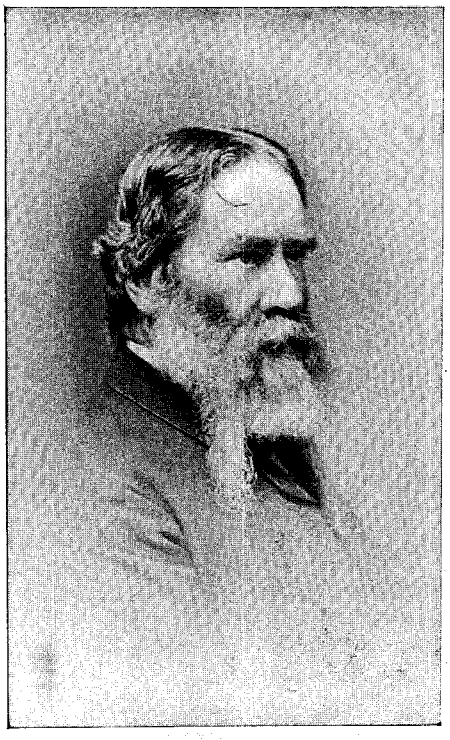
Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell), Dinah M. Craik, Thomas Hardy, Walter Besant, James Payn, D. C. Murray, H. Rider Haggard, R. L. Stevenson, W. Clark Russell.

Take those ten names only, and you say, as a lady once said to me, "Any one of them would make the fortune of a reception." But Mr. Bowker's next ten do not pale in comparison:

F. W. Robinson, George Macdonald, George Meredith, W. E. Norris, Mrs. Ritchie (Anne Thackeray), Mrs. Oliphant, Amelia B. Edwards, Mrs. E. Linn Linton, Miss Yonge, and Mrs. Macquoid. Observe, these twenty are only some of the novelists.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
From a photograph taken by Mr. F. M. Sutcliffe, of Whitby, England.

Among other men and women of letters, there are Tennyson, Browning, Bailey, both Morrises, Domett, Taylor, Mallock, Kinglake, our dear old Martin Tupper, Stephen, W. Pater, Addington Symonds, Swinburne, Buchanan, the Rossettis, Jean Ingelow, Owen Meredith, Matthew Arnold, Austin Dobson, A. Austin, C. Patmore, Gerald Massey, Max Müller, Spencer, Tyndall and Huxley, Lubbock, and the two Cardinals, Manning and Newman. Other clergymen are Farrar, Haweis, and Spurgeon. Besides these, among men who have done more than write books, there are, in Mr. Bowker's lists: Froude, McCarthy, and Lecky to represent history, and Dr. Smith, king of dictionaries. Smiles, the self-help man, Colvin and Hamilton, are others.

I think I may say that Lowell knew personally all the more distinguished of the persons in these very interesting groups before he left London. He formed some very tender friendships among them, and in the collection of his letters none are more affectionate, none are more entertaining, than are those to his English friends. Besides those named in the lists above there are ladies—Mrs. Stephen, the Misses Lawrence, Mrs. Clifford; and Gordon, Du Maurier, Lord Dufferin, are mentioned as people with whom he was in pleasant relations. Lady Lyttleton was a most intimate friend of Mr. and Mrs. Lowell.

William Page, the artist, one of his earliest friends, died in the autumn of the year 1885. Our readers have seen a good copy of one of his pictures of Lowell in early life. They had also met at Rome and in Florence, where Page had resided for eleven years. He was the President of the National Academy of Art from 1870 to 1873.

With the election of Mr. Cleveland in the autumn of 1884 Lowell knew that his stay in England would come to a close. For ten or fifteen years, indeed, he had been in public antagonism to Mr. Blaine, and he would never have served under him as President in the English legation. More than this, however, Mrs. Lowell died in the spring of 1885, unexpectedly, of course, for death is always unexpected. "We had taken it for granted together that she would outlive me, and that would have been best." How many a man and woman have had to say something like that!

She had been an invalid, with critical ups and downs. But her unfailing sympathy for him and his work had never yielded, and those who remember him in the closest intimacies of London life always speak of her with tenderness. She was almost always shut up at home and he was everywhere, among people of all sorts and conditions. But the very difference of their lives when they were parted seemed to make their companionship more tender when they were at home.

Of his departure from England, his cousin Mr. A. Lowell says, with truth:

"But his usefulness as a Minister far transcended the import of any specific questions

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that arose. It was his personal presence there, winning the respect and admiration of the English for all that is best in America, that was most valuable. Among the many surprises in Mr. Lowell's life none is perhaps greater than that, after writing so bitterly about Mason and Slidell, he should have been instrumental in soothing the irritation between England and America that arose out of the Civil War; but such is the case, and it is not too much to say that he did more than any one else towards removing the prejudice which the upper classes in England had for the United States." And Mr. Smalley at the time wrote from London:

"The announcement of Mr. Lowell's recall gives rise to many expressions of regret and good will besides those which appear in the newspapers. Nor is the expression of good will a new thing. His writings, his speeches, and his public services had brought him so close to all English-speaking people that their feeling toward him was one of affection; in short, there were ninety millions who would rejoice in any good fortune that befell him, and sympathize with him in trouble. The solicitude to know whether he was to remain Minister has been general. 'Will President Cleveland keep Mr. Lowell in London?' is the question which every American in London has been asked over and over again since last November; perhaps twice a day on an average. And when the inquiring Briton was told that Mr. Lowell would have to go, the next question generally was, 'What, then, did the President mean by Civil Service Reform?'"

What indeed?

[To be concluded in the December Magazine Number]

To One Born on the Last Day of November

By Robert Underwood Johnson

Upon this day, divinely blest,
When thou wert born, as to their guest
Three seasons gave thee of their best.

March brought the graceful stir of spring;
April, a tender song to sing;
May, the most winsome blossoming;

June gave sweet breath, and that pale flush
July has deepened in thy blush.
Repose came with the August hush.

September blent thy glowing hair
With glowing temple, as the air
Of twilight blendeth dark and fair.

October's dower was so rife
With treasure that November's strife
Were futile; so he gave thee—life.

So keen and icy was the smart
Of Winter (since he had no part
In fashioning thy radiant heart),

He bade December so to plead
For thee, petitioning his need,
That the relentless Fates took heed,

And though November's thou must be,
Yet nearest Winter (they decree)
Is set thy gracious ministry.

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Antigone[1]

By Paul Bourget

Author of "Cosmopolis," "Outre-Mer: Impressions of America," "Pastels of Men," etc., etc.

[M. Paul Bourget, the French poet and novelist, was born in Amiens, the son of a distinguished scholar. He received a thorough education, and began his literary career twenty-six years ago by writing for the French journals. His first volume of poems was given to the public two years later, and since that date his industry as a writer has never flagged. He is a careful student of contemporary men and manners, with a strong bent toward psychological methods both as a thinker and a writer. His work is characterized by subtlety and refinement of style rather than by great originality. He has traveled more widely than many of his literary contemporaries in Paris, and his work shows greater breadth of view. His visit to this country two years ago bore fruit in an interesting comment upon American society and life. The story which The Outlook reprints this week gives the title to his latest volume, "Antigone and Other Portraits of Women," a series of short and very characteristic studies in which M. Bourget is seen at his best. The volume bears the imprint of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, by whose courtesy "Antigone" finds its place in The Outlook.—THE EDITORS.]

I.

WE do not choose our recollections. I am never more keenly conscious of the truth of this maxim than when looking—with homesickness, as too often happens to me—at the map of that di ine lake, that Mediterranean Sea, which I have so often traversed, which I hope to traverse so often again. Upon the faintly tinted surface of this map my eyes follow the indentations of those shores, almost every cape of which I have rounded, and they rest on the long black spot which represents the adorable island of Corfu. Corfu! What traveler could speak that name without a sigh, if he has ever walked beneath the silvery green of its enormous, unpruned olive-trees, opposite the wild coast of Epirus, which lifts its mountains white with snow across the straits so intensely blue by day, so faintly lilac by night? Corfu! What poet has not dreamed, over these magic syllables, of lingering, indolent pleasures? What lover has not imagined a paradise of perfume and solitude around a happy, reciprocated love? A chance meeting on a journey decrees that the Corcyra of fable evokes for me far different figures: first, that of a friend whom I had there, older than I by forty years—who has since gone to join, in that mysterious country whence none return, those wise men of old whom he so much resembled; then, that of a former schoolmate, now one of the most disreputable politicians of the Palais Bourbon—and there is a choice; lastly, and indeed chiefly, that of the sister of this dishonest individual, a person thirty-five years of age, unmarried, whom I saw only for a few days, but who many a time has haunted my reveries. And neither did the gently austere face of M. Napoléon Zaffoni (such was the name of my old friend, born during the First Empire), nor the audacious and feline profile of the too famous opportunist deputy, Clément Malglaive, nor the wasted and anxious features of that melancholy Christine Malglaive, seem made to be associated with scenes where the gold of the ripened orange shines from the dark branches, where the waters have the smile of eyes that love us, where the delicate foliage of olive-trees reminds one of waving hair. Some one has said very wisely that existence gives us only that which we carry within ourselves. Why should it be strange, then, that for me—who have a mania for psychological curiosities and dramas of the inner life—even the most sensuously beautiful scenes of this most beautiful of islands should serve merely as setting for a moral tragedy?

This journey to Corfu, with its incident of this brief tragedy, occurred in the spring of 1893. The date has its importance. It was—who does not remember?—the most distressing period of that sad episode in our domestic struggles which has been called the Panama Campaign. No good Frenchman could open a newspaper at that time without asking himself with anguish what new name would be added next to the list, already so long, of dishonest ministers and deputies. Among these

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names one of the first to be mentioned had been that of my old schoolmate at Louis-le-Grand, this Malglaive, with whom I had passed many years side by side on the same bench of the same class. Every one who followed the debates in the Chamber at that time will remember the accusation publicly made against him, and his defense—very courageous, it must be admitted, but not very convincing. However, no prosecution was decreed against him, his accusers being unable to prove that he had received the sum of 18,000 francs credited to him in the note-book of a too famous agent of bribery. Although I had not seen Malglaive since our school-days, the memory of this youthful companionship caused me to follow the debate closely, and the impression that remained to me, very unfavorable to the accused, could not but render it most unpleasant for me to meet him again, especially under the conditions of intimacy imposed by a little city in a thinly populated little island. And then I so little expected to find him here! Far enough from dishonest Paris I believed myself to be, that radiant morning late in winter, when, leaning against the rail of the steamer which plies between Brindisi and Greece, I saw the citadel of Corfu emerge from the waves! The vessel was cleaving her way with gentle motion through an almost smooth sea, blue as sapphire or lapis lazuli. One by one, I recognized the various details of the dear landscape: here, the Pantokrator, the huge mountain shaped like an altar; opposite, the mountain chains of Albania, glittering with snow; in front, and more remote, the island of Vido, half hiding the harbor; and, all along the coast of the island, narrow creeks in which ended the long, cool declivity of the gentle, shaded slopes. Not a garden wall in all this oasis; only hedges of roses, agaves. and cactus marked the limits of the vast olive and orange groves and sugar plantations; and I was on the watch, as we drew near, for the venerable figure of M. Zaffoni, whom I had come to visit. As I write his name, the years that separate me from that visit seem to vanish. I see myself, as soon as we had passed Vido, seeking with my glass to discover among the boats the one in which he was. I knew well that, for all his eighty years, he would never let me set foot upon his native island without giving me his old-fashioned, hospitable welcome. I see again the skiffs approaching us, passing each other, getting in each other's way. I hear the hoarse cry of the rowers, the Greek and Italian words that fly through the air. I see the porters with their Moorish faces, catching hold of the scuttles before the ladder is let down and the health inspector has set foot on the deck. There in the distance, coming off from the pier, above which rises the old city with its Venetian aspect, another boat appears, this one just at the opportune moment. I might recognize, by this one little token, the old man's strict punctuality. The boat comes within speaking distance, and I recognize himself, seated in the stern, with his slender figure wrapped in various top-coats, one over another, and his face with its delicate features framed in English whiskers. He holds a gold-headed cane—the gift of his illustrious friend Lord Beaconsfield—between the gray cloth gloves which he always wore. And now he sees me. His intelligent and expressive face is lighted up by a smile. A few strokes of the oar, and the boat is alongside. Alert as a young man, he has his foot instantly on the ladder, regardless of his servant, who offers assistance; and he gives me an embrace of welcome as he says:

"You see the island has made herself radiant to receive you. Do you remember the wish of our little beggars, that Mérimée liked so much: 'May you enjoy your eyes'?"

My old friend had indeed become very well acquainted with the author of "Colomba" through our consul at Corfu under the July monarchy, M. Grasset, the friend of Stendhal. But whom had he not known among the famous men of his time in Paris and in London, this alert old man, who now moved about among the luggage, pointing out with his stick my boxes, and, to spare me even the slight annoyance of the customs inspection, giving numerous orders, with his little, precise, measured gestures? Here is what, to me, gave his personality a character at once admirable and pathetic. I knew that this small Corfiote landowner, agile as a lizard, had been, and was still, one of the ablest, one of the most versatile minds of his time—incomparable as an orator, an admirable logician, a man who had studied in Florence, Berlin, Paris, and London, speaking the four languages and knowing the four literatures like his own, having never ceased to follow with ardor the movement of European ideas. But all this knowledge, all this splendid ability, had had for its field of action and development only the insignificant little city, his birthplace, which he would not desert

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because she had not her liberty. At the age of thirty, hypnotized, as were so many of his fellow-citizens, by the memory and the dream of ancient Greece, he had established himself in Corfu as a lawyer, and had entered the parliament of the Ionian Islands with the purpose of opposing the English protectorate established by the treaties of 1814, and bringing about as soon as possible the union of these islands with the Hellenic kingdom. I also knew that his struggle against the English, and the close study of them which he had made, had had a singular result in this noble mind. He had become an admirer of this superior race, not on that account ceasing, however, to be the uncompromising patriot who fought for unity. But this clear-sighted patriotism had, indeed, no cause to rejoice when, in 1864, England definitely abandoned the islands. At the same time ended also M. Zaffoni's political career. Discarded by the Athenian politicians, as much on account of his honesty as his eloquence, no post was offered him in which he could manifest his ability, and he continued from that time to waste his old age, as he had wasted his youth, imprisoned in the mediocrity of circumstances, and, stoical by nature and by training, accepting that mediocrity like one of those old heroes of whom he often spoke: "One of Plutarch's characters." It was good to hear him say these four words. This cult, somewhat *rococo* for the simple-minded old historian, had been transmitted to my friend by certain of the survivors of our eighteenth century whom he had known in Paris when a boy. With this, much wit, an "incomparable judgment," as the phrase used to be, a good nature which was unfailing because derived from untiring goodness of heart, an indulgence arising from a universal comprehension, a fluency and depth in conversation, an immense erudition, a manly courage in the presence of the idea of suffering and of death—how many reasons for admiring him as much as I loved him! I felt them, all these reasons, freshened, so to speak, by his presence, as our boat glided through the water of a dense, opaque, so to speak, mineral blue, and I asked him about his health.

"You know," he said, "I call myself the belated traveler. You came very near never seeing me again. Two or three winters ago, I suffered much with my throat. For a perfect cure, the doctor bade me speak as little as possible. Upon this I decided not to speak at all. I wrote my orders on a slate, and for three full months I never uttered a word. It was excellent. I took the opportunity to re-read Lord Macaulay, pen in hand.—Ah! how good is English good sense!"

"Three full months without uttering a word!" I exclaimed. "Why, that is heroism, equal to the best in your beloved Plutarch."

"Don't call it heroism," he said; "it is only the habit of obeying the dictates of reason. *Be persuaded*"—this was a favorite expression with him—"that it is much more difficult to write one single page of the essay upon Pitt—"

"And your memoirs? Since we are speaking of writing, have you done much?"

"I have reached the year 1863, the eve of our independence," he said. "I write in three languages, which keeps me back. The book has become a history of our two assemblies during the period when we were a kind of Mediterranean Canada. Those fifty years, from 1814 to 1864, were, without doubt, the finest in our history. We were striving for liberty; and to strive is sometimes better than to succeed. Our two assemblies were a constitutional régime in miniature, a microscopic parliament, by the side of that at Westminster. But there was good fighting there, sometimes! Then we died of our victory, like the bee—" he added, with a smile and a sigh. "Corfu has never been so insignificant as now. You will read what I have written, condensing as much as I could. When I finally publish those pages, they will be like a piece of fossiliferous rock, with its imprint of a fern, faded centuries ago, which no man had ever gathered. We shall have been—my friends and I—a tuft of grass in a valley unvisited by human foot. And yet I cannot but cling to the thought of leaving this little imprint, after we are gone, this written proof that we did our civic duty. One day some English or French essayist will read my two hundred pages, for the purpose of obtaining a note or two on some point of history or of constitutional law. And the bit of fern will not have grown in vain. By the way, the other day I put this to the test. I lent these reminiscences to one of your public men, passing through the island. I had the pleasure of seeing that they interested him. It is some one you know. He tells me that he was a schoolmate of yours—M. Clément Malglaive—"

"Clément Malglaive!" I interrupted. "It is true we were at Louis-le-Grand together, in

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the same class; but I confess I would rather never see him again—after what you know as well as I do! I hope that dishonest man is no longer here."

"He is here," replied M. Zaffoni. By his look I perceived that, in manifesting, with such inconsiderate vehemence, my opinion in regard to Malglaive, I had offended the sense of perfect equity which ruled in this upright man's heart. It is true that there had been no proof produced against my old schoolmate which gave me liberty to declare him guilty and to speak of him so implacably. I felt that my old friend blamed me for my sudden severity. Our landing, and then the formalities of the custom-house, interrupted the conversation. I recurred to it in the landau which bore us along over the rough pavement of streets bordered by low arcades, towards the esplanade where M. Zaffoni resided, and I endeavored to explain to him my severity in regard to Malglaive.

"I saw that you did not approve of the expression I used just now," I said to him, "*that dishonest man*, said rather too hastily, I am willing to confess. But, if you had known him as I did, a boy in school, you would have the same impression, I am sure. At seventeen, the two leading traits in his character were vanity and sensuality. I have never seen any one, at that age, when it is natural to be obstinate and brusque, carry flexibility and the desire to please to the extent that he did. He always agreed with the person he was talking with. You, who know life so well, you know better than I do how rapidly this need for approbation, this desire to produce a good effect, demoralizes a nature, and how very near it comes to falseness. And then, even as early as that, Malglaive had already a taste for pleasure and luxury. He was fond of races, the theater, expensive restaurants, and the like. How did he find time to get his lessons and to gain prizes at examinations, with such habits? We used to wonder. Allow me to go on with the story. He was a young fellow who could not have inherited more than an income of 15,000 francs from his father, a general practitioner in Paris. I think, too, he had a sister, who must have shared this property. He studied law, and certainly could have had no opportunity of laying up money at that period of his life. He made his way into the group surrounding Gambetta, and after the election of the 363 he was appointed sub-prefect and then prefect. Again he had no opportunity to save money, and especially because he profited by his official position to become *persona gratissima* in his department, and to secure election as deputy. It is expensive to make one's self popular. He is now deputy, having a salary of 9,000 francs. Granted that he still has the 15,000 francs income that he inherited from the doctor. And suppose that he earns 15,000 francs more by writing for the press. He writes well, I admit. Now let us add this up: it gives him 40,000 francs a year. His manner of living has been made known by his enemies. Any person who knows Paris at all must see that such a life as his, where the twenty-franc piece is the unit of expense, requires sixty or eighty thousand francs a year—I make the lowest estimate, for it has been said that Malglaive is a gambler also—and in that case! But, at any rate, he must get from some quarter the thirty or forty thousand francs that he lacks. You may say, he spends his capital. It is a vicious circle. If his capital is diminished, his income lessens also, and the annual deficit increases. Then a man resorts to 'business,' and you know what that means to a public man; he begins by selling his influence and his name; finally, he sells his vote. These are the reasons why I am convinced in my own mind that Malglaive has simply let himself be bought in this scandalous Panama affair, and you must admit there is a strong probability that I am right."

"*Be persuaded*," was M. Zaffoni's reply, "that we must make more allowance than that to a man of great talent; and Malglaive is a man of great, very great, talent. You speak of his faults of youth. Do you not know—you, a pupil of Goethe—that our future merits develop at first as faults? That instinct to please and charm was the passion of statecraft awakening in him, a first apprenticeship in the management of men. Those luxurious tastes, that sensuality even—this was the strength of his vitality. The greatest of men have had these frivolous tastes—Disraeli, in our time; Cæsar, in the old world. As to his expenditures, I grant that they have been large. What then? Suppose Malglaive has incurred debts, very large debts—does it follow that he has made traffic of his public office? No. No. No. I have talked with him much since he has been here, and I say that this man is a power, a real power, that must not be thrown away. On the contrary, it is the duty of you

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who are his comrades, since there is no actual proof against him, to complete his vindication, so that he shall not be crushed. For that matter, I would trust him to recover himself. He has such energy! You will see, he will be in the cabinet some day, and he will be a good minister, too. He has made me understand so well the present political situation in France. Ah! he is a valuable man, and it would be a real misfortune if, through a calumny, the invention, no doubt, of some base foe, this fellow should lose such a magnificent opportunity—a place in the French ministry, with all Europe for his field of action."

My friend ceased speaking. His keen eyes ranged for a moment the scene in which his own life had been spent. The narrow street with its irregular houses was crowded with the mongrel population common to countries too often invaded, in which the base blending of races is manifest to the eye. The noblest types were those of Albanians, in white fustanella and tight breeches, the feet in leather shoes turned up in a point and adorned with silk tassels. A fez upon the head, the embroidered jacket on the shoulders, a long pistol with a silver knob stuck through the girdle, these barbarians stood chatting with each other before the low stalls, where were displayed all the poor articles of Levantine food: black olives, salted provisions, unclean fried things, oily cakes, nauseous sweetmeats. An odor, at once rancid, sour, and insipid, escaped thence; and there was a row of money-changers' stalls, where Jews, recognizable by their aquiline type, were counting piles of silver money of various coinages. Placards gave the rate of exchange, and, in their turn, made apparent the penury of the national life with their statement of the day's quotations: the drachma, the Greek franc, worth seventy-five centimes. Here and there, in niches, there were Madonnas, stiff Byzantine icons very like the primitive idol; and the priests, whom we were continually meeting, those *pappas* with untrimmed beard, and gown green with hard wear, and brutal, slothful face, under the tall cap, proved, too clearly, by their mere aspect, that even the religious life was in a state of decay like the rest. Then flashed upon me in contrast the vision of that Place de la Concorde, which Malglaive must have traversed so often on his way to the Chamber of Deputies. All the vigor and all the elegance of a civilization still in its prime seemed to me as symbolized by that intensely vital bit of contemporary Paris. The hopelessly, irreparably provincial element in the destiny of the old man who had just now so hotly defended Malglaive made my heart ache. Why had not chance given to him—the irreproachable—that "magnificent opportunity" of which he spoke, which somewhere a poet has called "*un vrai pays de gloire*"? And I heard him go on, with his lofty and impartial serenity, making his plea for my old schoolmate:

"And, besides, there is in the life of Malglaive an element which you have not taken into account. You do not know, perhaps, that he lives with his sister? Yes, she keeps house for him. And this sister, when you see her—for she is here with him—you will understand that *he could not have done that thing*. For her sake, if there were no other reason, it would have been impossible for him to disgrace himself—he who is her cult, her pride, her faith. No. He has not done it," he repeated. "She is an Antigone, you will see: a creature all devotion, all nobleness. You remember the line of Sophokles:

Οὗτοι συνέχθειν, ἀλλὰ συμφίλειν ἔφυν. . . .

But with my modern pronunciation you do not understand: 'My nature is to share in love, but not in hate.' If for no other reason than because of her, I should believe in the innocence of Malglaive. You will not refuse to dine with the two? I have invited them for to-morrow evening. But don't be anxious; I will not *lionize* you!"

II.

M. Zaffoni occupied the second story, the *piano nobile*, of a palace, somewhat dilapidated but imposing still, which had, in the time of Venetian rule, served as official residence to some *proveditore* of the Most Serene Republic, for the lion of St. Mark could yet be seen over the door, with wings erect and paw upon the book with its inscription: *Pax tibi, Marce, Evangelista meus*. The singularity of the old man's quarters consisted in this—that, obeying his innocent Anglomania, he had furnished with furniture bought in London, and had hung with wall-papers obtained there also, these lofty rooms, whose tall windows were framed in colored stuccos and their ceilings painted in fresco. The black mahogany of tables and bookcases, the massive form of the sofas and armchairs, the mantelpieces in *étagères*, the hanging of the curtains with their brass rings and rods, the

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huge chrysanthemums of the wall-paper—all the details of these quiet rooms suggested some little dwelling in Kent or Surrey; while tall personages in sumptuous costumes, boldly designed after the manner of Tiepolo, overhung this British interior, and a southern sky filled the windows with its intense blue. Looking out, one beheld the palm-trees of the esplanade, and the citadel covered with that luxuriant grass that the peasants of Provence call witchfoot, and those of Italy, Jupiter's beard. Over the water of the Straits glided the red sails of boats from Chioggia. Glancing about the room again, the eye encountered a vast collection of bound volumes of the "Times," equal to that which crowds the corridors in the basement of the Athenæum Club. This incongruous apartment was filled with sheaves of the beautiful island flowers—another of the old man's passions. How often have I heard him recite with enthusiasm Meleager's divine lines:

Ἤδη λευχοΐον θαλλεί . . .

"Already the white violet is in flower. She blooms, the flower which loves the rains—the narcissus. They bloom, the lilies which love the mountains."

It was there among these famous flowers, in the presence of this luminous landscape, under the splendor of the Venetian fresco scarcely lessened by time, that the old leader of the opposition in the Ionian parliament wrote the memoir which was to be the lasting imprint of the little fern. There also I met again, after so many years, this Clément Malglaive, concerning whose integrity I had so serious doubts—shaken, however, by M. Zaffoni's ardent defense. And it was there that the appearance of Antigone, as our host had named her, made me wish that his plea had been just, and that the brother had indeed been held back, at every temptation to baseness, by a respect for the feeling that this admirable sister had for him.

My first impression, as my old schoolmate came forward to meet me, was very different from that which I expected. I had parted, twenty-two years before, from the Malglaive whom, on the preceding evening, I described to M. Zaffoni—affected, crafty, flattering, vaguely sly. I now met a man matured by action, the face resolute, the language direct, the gesture energetic. No trace of embarrassment revealed that, three months before, he had passed through a crisis in which his political future had narrowly escaped shipwreck, or that he had brought with him on this journey any thought of the difficulties that might await his return. He spoke to me of our common past; then of the joy that he felt in these rambles in Greece, far away from the Parisian furnace; lastly, of the pleasure that he had had in making the acquaintance of our host: and all this in a tone so natural, so simple, that it was I—I must confess—who was somewhat out of countenance. I was the more so, inasmuch as it was not merely M. Zaffoni's glance which I had to meet that said as plainly as words: "Come, now! Is that man dishonest?" As Malglaive came forward to meet me, I had surprised other eyes fixed upon mine—those of Antigone, of the devoted sister, who visibly was watching my demeanor, and showed in her whole aspect evidence of the extreme grief which had been caused her by the accusation made against her brother. Her cheeks were thin and pale. Her eyelids, reddened by tears, quivered nervously over eyes that seemed to glitter as she looked at me. She opened and shut her fan with feverish haste. I have since understood that no doubt concerning her idolized brother had ever grazed this beautiful soul, which knew how to love: and to know how to love is first of all, is always, not to judge the one beloved, it is to believe in him against all persons and all things, against probability, against evidence! But while Christine Malglaive had preserved absolute faith in the honor of this brother, whom she had adored from her infancy blindly and continuously, she was not unaware of the attacks that had been made upon him, and it had been the torture of her life for the last three months to know that others did not think as she did. For this reason her burning black eyes—the sole beauty, the supreme youth of her prematurely faded face—lost not one motion made by me; and for this reason, also, I trembled lest some instinctive gesture might betray to her what was passing in my thoughts. For once my will mastered my nerves, and I did not allow a trace of my own perturbation to appear. I was repaid for this effort by the relief which came like a flash into poor Antigone's tense face. She said to herself: "He does not believe that my brother was capable of the dishonorable act of which he is accused." And this certainty sent a freer, warmer blood through all her veins. Yes, poor Antigone—and how she must have suffered, that this mere meeting between her brother and an old

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schoolmate should smite her with so cruel an anxiety! To despise calumny is so easy, when it concerns one's self only; so hard, when it concerns another!

But was it, indeed, calumny—the accusation against Malglaive? I remember that, during this first evening, the utmost energy of my mind was bent upon the solution of this problem, concerning which I had no other data than the appearance of this man, who, if guilty, would naturally keep strict watch upon himself; and, if innocent, would do the same. To know one's self suspected with a show of justice produces effects absolutely similar to those produced by remorse. Whether or not it was acting, not for one moment during this first evening did Malglaive depart from that gay and cordial tone with which he had met me. I remember that, at table, I watched him as he ate, to assure myself that this happy mood was not feigned; and I am obliged to affirm that he thoroughly enjoyed the excellent repast our host had provided for us, of national dishes, but cooked with exquisite skill: mullet-roe and caviare, to begin; then, a fish soup; then, khébab; followed by grouse, fried egg-plant, and, for dessert, that odd kind of cake called *baklara*, a sort of pastry made with honey and olive oil. Dried figs with pistachio-nuts, goat's-milk cheese, mandarins of delicious fragrance, and incomparable sweetmeats completed this menu, with a château Yquem and a Margaux worthy of the table of a prince.

"These are some cases of wine that I have had in my cellar for thirty-five years," our host said, modestly; "we had forgotten they were there. Accidentally the servant discovered them the other day behind a wood-pile; and it was fortunate, for I have no decent Greek wine except the Mavro Daphné; you shall try it directly."

And when the grape *liqueur* arrived, so prettily named "wine of the Black Laurel," the gesture with which Malglaive lifted his faceted glass to inhale the aroma of this drop of warm perfumed amber recalled to me exactly the gay epicureanism he had been used to show at our boyish banquets, when he was eighteen. That he had become the pleasure-lover that his youth foretold, I could not doubt. Nor could I doubt, from his brilliant and easy conversation, that political life had been for him solely a means of getting on in the world, a career by means of which to obtain, as quickly as possible, as much pleasure as possible. He had manifested all through dinner, in replying to M. Zaffoni's questions as to the principal men in his own party, that skepticism, as of one who is behind the scenes, which, to me, is only too familiar. To the old man all this gossip was so interesting that it explained his infatuation. Who had ever before initiated him thus into the mysteries of our parliamentary back-shop? And then, clever as he was—the dear and upright old man—he had no points of comparison in conversation like this. He did not see as I did the type so commonplace and so logical to which this jovial Malglaive belonged: this democrat, with his boldly, impudently reformatory programmes, who at heart believed only in lobbyism, and eagerly drew advantage for himself from the abuses which he denounced on his placards. I am unjust. Malglaive distinguished himself from the others by the breadth of his mental range. I can hear him still expressing, as to the future of the present France, ideas which would scarcely have edified his constituents, yet corresponding too exactly to reality not to charm me, as they manifestly charmed M. Zaffoni.

"I have no illusions in the matter," Malglaive said; "all this will end, for us, by conferences in Belgium—for the country, in a Cæsar. At heart, you know, the Frenchman is the Kelt, excitable and imaginative. For a hundred years this imagination was fired with the idea of a Republic. All the distress from which this nation suffered, all the humiliations, all the difficulties, he attributed to the fact that he was not living under a Republic. To-day he is; and he sees that the situation remains unchanged. But he has to go on imagining; he has it in his blood; and, being no longer able to crystallize around a word, he will crystallize around a name, and create a Cæsar."

"I hope not!" interrupted M. Zaffoni; "you have only to look at England in the eighteenth century to see through what difficulties her parliamentary régime was established. Yours will likewise be established."

"I shall agree with you," Malglaive replied, "when you have surrounded France with the ocean. The English inhabit an island; all their history is explained by this fact, and all ours by our open frontier."

I have written these three or four sentences, out of hundreds of others, as I chance to remember them, because they struck me at the moment as fairly characteristic of Mal-

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glaive's superiority over most men of his kind. He was still capable of general ideas and still appreciative of them. There was the sophist, there was the eternal Gorgias, in his way of presenting his points of view; but he was capable of points of view; and is it not possible to be a sophist, and a skeptic, and a lover of pleasure to boot, and still keep one's hands clean from all peculation? And so I gave myself up, during the whole evening, to the pleasure of hearing the old stager of the Corfiote parliament and the young stager of the French Chamber discuss the future of France, and then the future of Europe, without myself giving any further thought to the "Malglaive cheque"—to use the expression of the fighting newspapers. That my enjoyment was sincere did not escape the notice of the sister, and she proved to me the happiness that I had given her by thanking me, in her way, towards the close of the evening, while we were drinking the cool lemonade which M. Zaffoni had made for us himself, with the fine lemons of the island, using a little silver lemon-squeezer bought in Regent Street.

"Clément often used to speak of you, when you and he were schoolmates," said the gentle Antigone to me. "He loved his friends so much. He loves them still, so much. He was not made for political life. He wears himself out in it. He has too much heart for it. My brother is a man of feeling, and not a business man. And so, when he encounters treachery, it is a very hard thing for him. You know what shameful attacks have been made upon him this winter. I persuaded him to take this journey in order to recover a little from the horrible shock. He could not sleep, not on account of the mere fact—he was too strong in his own innocence—but to see his colleagues turn against him when he had been so good to them; such treachery was very, very bitter to him!"

Why am I so made that illusions, the most natural in the world—those of a mother in respect to her son, of a father as to his daughter, of a husband as to his wife, or a wife as to her husband—always render me very severe towards the person who is their object? Am I not right? To have produced and to maintain this false image of one's self, must not a person have been continuously false in the home life, continuously feigning emotions, displaying a character altogether fictitious? Mlle. Malglaive's extremely touching confidence produced in me, as an instantaneous effect, the entire restoration of my distrust in this brother, so far unlike the idea that his sister had of him. The prejudices that had remained to me from boyhood—just now almost dissipated by our conversation—took possession of me again with so great force that, as I saw his face under the lamp, at the moment of departure, the handsome features appeared to me suddenly invested with a character of evil. He was a fair-haired man with black eyes, and wore a pointed beard. Of a sudden, I seemed to see, in the difference between the color of his hair and the color of his eyes, the index of an inborn duplicity, and the same in the difference between his face in front view and in profile. And I shook hands with him at parting, convinced, in spite of the early favorable impressions of the evening, that his accusers had spoken truly. Although this stay in Corfu was not to end until I held in my hands a sure proof of his dishonor, I do not give this sudden change in my opinion as a sign of superior clear-sightedness. I mention it only to make more comprehensible the singular mingling of regret and satisfaction which that indisputable proof gave me. Those whose trade it is to study life somewhat closely are like this—divided between disgust, sadness, sometimes even terror, at human villainy, and a species of intellectual satisfaction, not unlike that of the astronomer who sees appear, in the field of his telescope, the star which his calculations have predicted.

III.

Since that evening a week had passed, which we had employed, as one does, in a visitor's idleness, in making long expeditions through the island. Guided by Plutarch's Englishman—as I liked to call M. Zaffoni—these walks left on me an impression very different from that generally made by wanderings of this kind in other countries. Why did I yield, in beginning this sketch, to the common idea which limits to love and its concerns all the poetry of life, and regret that I could associate with the radiant and seductive landscape of Corfu only the figures of an admirable old man, soon to die unknown, a woman of thirty-five, the victim of a most fallacious idolatry, and a pirate, who abused the magnanimous optimism of the one, as he did the profound faith of the other? As memory calls up these incidents, I become aware that the secret antithesis between these

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peaceful Levantine scenes and the little psychological drama that was performed in my presence gave to my impressions of nature a keenness and, so to speak, a further element of the picturesque. Among these episodes two, at this moment, are distinct almost to hallucination: first, a visit to the green and quiet bay of Ipso, across the river, the *fiumare* rather, in which legend assumes to recognize the stream described in the Odyssey, on whose bank Nausikäa washed her linen. We had stopped near the sea, under some old olive-trees, and at the gate of a *Khâni*, whence emerged suddenly, holding by the mane a small black horse, a peasant, who told us his name was Nicolas. He was somewhat intoxicated, in a gentle, familiar way. A friendly smile was on his fat, good face. "Πάτερ—my father!" he said, approaching M. Zaffoni, and he held out to him a hand well shaped, though its nails were black with earth. With his long, full trousers made of some soft bluish stuff, his coarse white stockings and sandals turning up at the toes, he seemed so happy to be alive, so full of that light, innocent, pagan gayety, ready to break out singing! Finally he got on his horse, sideways, like a woman, and we came upon him later, going along the bank at a foot pace, exchanging jokes, like a shepherd of Theocritus, with a seventeen-years-old girl, named Anticrité, who was standing barefooted on the sand; and as she threw herself back a little from the hips, the suppleness of her coarse linen undergarment showing between the heavy petticoats and the overfull bodice, revealed that adorable grace of the girdle, so much extolled by the ancients. I can still hear Malglaive as he said to M. Zaffoni, pointing to the peasant:

"And you complain of the political life of your country? But there you have the type of the perfect voter!"

"Alas!" the old man answered, "you do not know how well aimed is your sarcasm."

"But it is not sarcasm at all," Malglaive answered, laughing; "the man of the people is never better than when he is in that condition. He is a child, and the bottle is still his most harmless plaything."

"Any one could see," rejoined M. Zaffoni, "that you have the Parisian workman to deal with, the keenest and most lively of men, who keeps his wits even after he has parted with his common sense. But here these natures are so brutish and primitive, intoxication makes them more brutes than before. And it is not infrequent. We have not enough strength to afford to waste even an atom of it."

"Bah!" Malglaive said, "happy the people who have no history."

"Never say it!" broke in the old man with remarkable eagerness. "It is the most criminal of proverbs. Unhappy," he urged, "the people who have no history, for it is a sign they have no ideals, no self-devotion! More unhappy still those who have ceased to have a history."

A few minutes later Mlle. Malglaive was saying to me: "You must not believe Clément when he talks about the people as he did just now. No one loves them more than he. But he has met so much injustice, even in our own district, it embitters him."

She had perceived, blind as she was, that our old friend had spoken with profound faith; and though it was but a very slight falling off in her idol, she was conscious that the poor Corfiote lawyer was of a higher race than that to which the brilliant Parisian deputy belonged; and so the Antigone awakened. "What fame more brilliant than to have honored my brother?"—she could at any moment have uttered this cry of the Greek sister; and I said to myself, "Such a devotion as that should have been given to a man like Zaffoni, disinherited by fame, and full of genius; and chance has given it, instead, to a common trickster like this Malglaive!" And I accused the irony of fate.

I again accused it, I remember, on the day we visited the Achilleion, the immense palace built by the Empress of Austria, on the heights of Gasturio, with its colonnaded portico, its stuccoed ceilings, its mosaics, its Pompeian frescos, and in the vestibule a giant Achilles, who seeks in vain to withdraw the arrow which has transfixed his heel—a Germanic symbol of the incurable, the irremovable, in certain griefs. From the foot of the steps the garden extends down towards the sea. Great red and purple anemones alternate with white and lilac iris, and beds of various-colored roses surround another statue—that of Heine shivering and emaciated in his invalid's chair, while the Ionian waves lift towards him—who would have loved them so—a joyful concert that he will never hear. We had gone down as far as this monument of a touching intellectual piety, and, returning towards the palace, were looking silently at its closed windows and aspect of desolation, thinking, all of us, I should have supposed, of the besetment which the mysterious Empress

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had hoped here to escape, when Malglaive broke the silence to cry out:

"What splendor, and how it is wasted! Do you know, Monsieur Zaffoni, it would make the fortune of the island if some one would buy this building and this garden, which her Majesty is already tired of, and simply make it a gambling-house, another Monte Carlo?"

"Do not say that publicly," replied the old man, laying his hand on the other's arm. "*Be persuaded* that this has been thought of already. Alas!" he continued, "the place is even now so spoiled. This palace, to me who can remember the little house that once stood here, is a barbarism, and, worst of all, a neurotic barbarism. The house? It was a little place built in the last century by a rich Venetian, for use in the hot weather. It was not very imposing—a kind of *patio* with a tank in the center, a few rooms opening upon a gallery resembling a cloister, and a terrace with lemon-trees. But climbing plants covered the walls with flowers, and when I used to come here, at the age of twenty-five, to see a friend who spent his summers here, we passed delicious afternoons with our day-dreams. And what dreams they were! The foreigner driven out of Greece; our whole country free and regenerated! I declare to you that if I knew a gambling-house was established in this place, and that the men of Athens had consented to it—the men of Athens!" he repeated, "I should die of shame!"

"What enthusiasm still in that heart of eighty!" Mlle. Malglaive said to me, recurring, two days later, to this scene. I had gone to pay her a visit, and I had learned that she and her brother were to leave for Italy by the next day's steamer. I had found her alone, and had been glad of this, hoping that I might read a little further in this heart all self-devotion; and, at moments, I had an impression that she vaguely suspected the folly of her sacrifice, and that her idol did not merit this constant fervor. Without doubt she had been hurt anew by the contrast between her brother's joking vulgarity and the resolute ardor of the old Greek patriot, so faithful to his early faith, even now that he was undeceived. Who knows? Did she foresee that this would one day be her own attitude? And she continued: "No one does more justice to M. Zaffoni than Clément. He amuses himself, as he did the other day, in maintaining paradoxes, so that M. Zaffoni may become eloquent. He said to me, when we came back from the palace of the Empress, 'What a pity that such an admirable implement should not have been used!'"

She was silent for a minute: I perceived that an idea had just occurred to her; her eyelids quivered more nervously, and, with a kind of solemnity, which her offer was later to explain to me, she resumed: "Will you promise me that you will keep a secret?" And on my reply in the affirmative, she continued: "My brother has said nothing to you about some work that he has been doing here—a paper that is to appear in two parts, the first and fifteenth of next month, in one of the great French reviews?"

I said, no.

"I think it is because he means it to be a surprise for your friend," she resumed. "It is a picture of the political history of the Ionian Islands, from 1814 to 1864. You will see how he speaks of M. Zaffoni. You will see, too, how rapidly he can assimilate a subject We have been here only five weeks, and with a few visits to the Archives of the city, and some notes furnished by M. Zaffoni himself, my brother has prepared this admirable paper. Oh, it will be a grand success for him on his return, and it will make his rivals see clearly that they have not done with him yet! It is especially the ideas which are strong. There is an analysis of the parliamentary régime in the different nations of Europe, after the Napoleonic wars. It is admirable. I should like"—she stopped, coloring to the roots of her hair, which was blonde like her brother's, but already faintly silvered here and there. "Yes, I should like to have you read the proofs. You can send them back to me in an envelope in the morning. But you must be sure to keep the secret," she repeated, with a pleasant smile of complicity; "you know he would scold me. Clément has a horror of seeming to solicit praise. How often I have reproached him for not showing himself just as he is! He would calumniate himself sooner, he so hates to boast. It is the least those can do who love him—to make him known in his real superiority, in his real self, though in your case there is no need."

Oh! the refined, noble creature, trembling at the action, as if it were a fault which she was about to commit unknown to her brother, for that brother's sake. These last words, "though in your case there is no need," she

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had spoken with a kind of imploring grace which proved too much to me. She feared, on the contrary, that I had judged Malglaive severely from the words I have narrated, which revealed brutal ways of feeling, incompatible with a fine flower of delicacy. When she gave me the package of proof, her hand, as I touched it, was icy from the reflux of blood to her tender heart. I experienced, in seeing her so moved, an actual remorse that I had not concealed even more completely the unfavorable effect produced upon me by certain expressions of the suspected politician. I had certainly tried to conceal it, and I was so sure that I had succeeded! But will any one ever deceive a woman as to one's own feelings towards the being she loves in a certain sad and impassioned way—be it son or husband, brother or father? These affections, so honorable, so loyal, so lofty, develop in those who are possessed by them something like a preternaturally acute perception of esteem; and, through all my reserve and watchfulness over myself, Christine Malglaive divined the truth that I did not esteem her brother as much as she desired that I should.

I carried the proof to M. Zaffoni's house. Have I said that he would not suffer me to lodge elsewhere than with him? I began to look over the slips with the idea that I should find one of those amplifications in which our politicians excel; a few facts scattered here and there, a positivist phraseology assuming to be scientific theory, impudent affirmations in respect to insoluble problems—such are the habitual ingredients in these sorts of mixtures. However, I knew that Malglaive had been in communication with the memoirs of my host: "At least his facts will be accurately given," I concluded. But when I began reading from the first pages of this paper, entitled "A Lesson in Parliamentary Wisdom: The English in the Ionian Islands," I was astonished at the vigorous simplicity of the work. There was in the narration that concentrated strength, and in the reflections thrown in at different points that vigorous clearness, which reveal a mind saturated with its subject. The picture of Europe on the morrow of Napoleon's downfall was drawn after the manner of Thucydides, in that style where every epithet tells. One portrait especially, that of the Corfiote Capo d'Istria at the Vienna Congress, made me cry out, "But he could not have written this!" I stopped reading. A horrible suspicion seized upon me: could Malglaive have stolen outright that page from M. Zaffoni's memoirs, without even naming him? I remember the moment. The idea startled me so that I repulsed it at once as too abominable. To the man whose trade is literature, plagiarism always appears very culpable. It is a crime against professional honor, like a soldier's desertion or a business man's forgery. In the particular case such a plagiarism was even worse. During the few weeks of his stay in Corfu, Malglaive had been able to measure the immense disproportion between career and merit that fate had inflicted upon M. Zaffoni. He was not unaware that this man of uncommon ability had never had, in the eighty years of his long life, his *one hour*, his hour for battle and victory. He knew that this work upon Corfu was the extremely modest and touching last appeal of this great soul against the injustice of fame. Was it to be believed possible that he could have been willing to defraud the old man of a portion of his posthumous success, however small might be the portion, and however evanescent the success itself? If Malglaive were indeed capable of this, what was to be believed of him in that already suspicious past, where his sole guarantee of innocence was his personal honor, that need of his own self-respect, that last irreducible instinct which prevents us from falling below a certain point? There could be no doubt, if he had copied M. Zaffoni without naming him in the given circumstances, that that point was passed!

There was a too simple way of ascertaining the truth. I was so disturbed that I employed it at once, without asking myself whether it was or was not a violation of my agreement with Mlle. Malglaive, that promise of secrecy which, after all, was made only concerning Malglaive himself. But I have no doubt that even a more general promise would have failed to prevent me from doing the perfectly natural thing that I did, and in the way that I did it. I picked up the slips just as they lay, open upon my table, and went to knock at the door of the library. I found M. Zaffoni standing at the tall desk which he habitually used when at work. He could never write seated. The neatly cut pages of manuscript, with the fine, clear writing, and the numerous erasures, testified to the assiduous labor of the recent hours, a cloudy sky having kept him indoors that day.

"You see me occupied," he said, "with these interminable memoirs. I ought to

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have them completed shortly, for, at my age, every day, every hour almost, is a respite. I have just now heard of the sudden death of one of my contemporaries, Dr. Andonis Zacharopoulos. I can truly apply to myself the words of the philosopher: *Singulas dies, singulas vitas puta.* But are you bringing me something of your own to read? That will be a much better use of my time."

"No," I said, "this is not mine. And it is exactly about your memoirs that I want to speak to you. These are the proofs of an important paper upon the Parliament of the Ionian Islands which Malglaive is going to publish."

"Ah, the secretive fellow!" interrupted my host; "why did he not tell me about it?"

"I am much afraid that the cause of his silence is not very creditable to him," I replied. "You have allowed him to have your manuscript, and I think I discover from the style, the ideas, from a certain something which does not resemble him, that he has borrowed from you sentences, perhaps even pages, without acknowledgment. Now, this portrait of Capo d'Istria. Listen."

As I read aloud the passage whose authorship had seemed most manifest to me, I could see the old man's serene face grow troubled and sorrowful. His eyes, usually so luminous with courage and calmness, were veiled with a moisture that gathered at last in two large tears, the only ones I had ever seen roll down his wrinkled cheeks. This unexpected sign of his extreme emotion made me stop, fearing that I was causing him too great suffering. Very soon I understood that magnanimous pity had wrung from him a mark of weakness which he would never have shown if it had been but a matter concerning himself only.

"Give me that proof," he said, and, taking the slips in order, he began to run over them with that rapid glance of an author re-reading his own composition in his thoughts quite as much as on the paper. From time to time I heard him say: "It is exact. It is exact." Finally he laid the slips down on the desk, pushing them away with a gesture of ill-concealed disgust; then, firmly, he said: "It has all been taken. You hear me—all! There are not a hundred lines of his own in the whole fifty pages. The unfortunate man!"

"The unfortunate man? Say, rather, the scoundrel!" I cried. "This infamous act condemns him; if he is capable of baseness like this, can you doubt now that he did the thing of which he was accused? This time, at least, he shall not complete his vile deed! I will disgrace him publicly, unless he withdraws the article. You will give me so much of your memoirs as you have now ready, and within the fortnight it shall be in print on the first page of the most important newspaper in Paris! Oh, the scoundrel, the scoundrel!"

"You forget Mlle. Malglaive," interrupted M. Zaffoni, seriously; "and, first, that you had promised her secrecy. You had not the right to show me these proofs; I had no right to read them." In the presence of my excitement he had recovered his admirable serenity, and, with that irresistible gentleness which emanated from him when he wished to convince, "Be persuaded," he continued, "that if ever she were to suspect this unworthy act of her brother's, she would at once draw the inference that you have drawn—that I myself cannot avoid. She would believe Malglaive guilty in the affair of the cheque, if she knew him guilty in this matter. My dear child," he said, and the gravity of his tone deepened to solemnity, "my memoirs are my own, are they not? I order you, understand me, I *order* you to be silent. What was it that I desired?" he resumed. "That our efforts—the efforts of us, Corfiote patriots—should receive public testimony? They will receive it. That certain truths as to parliamentary government should be spoken? They will be spoken. As for me, I only need to put it in my will that these memoirs shall be published after I have been dead sixty years, and justice will then be done to me. But, for a matter of personal vanity, shall I break this noble creature's heart, a heart already crushed because men doubt her brother's honor? No, I should lose my self-respect if I were to do such a thing."

"And you are going to let this fellow make a new reputation for himself with these articles?" I rejoined, with unabated violence. "You will endure seeing under his name, in the newspapers of Paris, extracts from your own work?"

"It must be," replied the old man; "and I, who know you, defy you to say that I am wrong, after you see the poor girl again. I defy you to act otherwise than I am doing. And, besides, remember, we must leave to life the care of avenging us: life will do it only too surely."

IV.

Pathetic memories! How they have flowed in upon me while I have been listening,

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across the years, to that voice now forever silent! And how I approve myself to-day that I listened to that compassionate advice which kept me silent as to what I knew, that I might spare the deceived sister, that sublime Antigone of an unworthy brother! And I returned the proof to her without denouncing Malglaive's shameful plagiarism; and I heard her praise the talent of this pirated essay; and I replied, on my part, with eulogiums; and I clasped the hand of my old schoolmate when we parted, as if nothing at all were wrong. The magnanimous victim of this abominable literary theft had set me the example. Yes; how could I help being grateful to my old friend for this effort which he compelled me to make in subduing my first impulse of indignation? Otherwise how could I have had that double vision which I keep in my thoughts of Christine Malglaive and of himself, relieved against the afternoon sky of the day of departure, like two classic figures? I see her again, leaning against the railing of the steamer, just off for Brindisi, saluting our skiff with her hand; pale, smiling, and following us with a look in which we could both, M. Zaffoni and myself, read her thanks for the sympathy we had shown her brother during their stay. Tender and pure and faithful, never dreaming what we had done for her! And I can hear my companion say to me:

"Do you think the pleasure of claiming one's right to a hundred pages, were they even (which they are not) as fine as Plutarch's or Macaulay's, is worth bringing sadness to those eyes and to that heart?"

And himself—the indulgent sage, whose fine amenity hid a constancy so resolute—him I again see, on that same day, walking in the twilight in the funeral procession of the Dr. Andonis whose death he had told me of. He had said to me: "Place yourself at the library window to see the procession pass. Our funeral ceremonies are curious." And I was there at the window as the funeral train went along the esplanade. There was a certain pallor in the sky which deprived of color the sea, the hills, the trees, and the Maltese stone of which is built the palace of the Lord High Commissioner, with the galley of Corcyra on its façade. The chanting of the priests was beautiful and sad. The materials of these priests' robes, with their shades of old blue, of peachblow pink, of faded orange, of a dull red, shared in the general colorlessness of the evening, in which the flames of the wax candles burnt faintly, and seemed rather lighted up than themselves giving light. The dead man lay in his coffin, borne on the shoulders of his relatives, adorned with flowers, his face uncovered, a face pallid and yellow, as of a mummy promised to earth. A burial at this late hour always gives me a pang, as a more rapid entry into the Great Night. But this melancholy was suddenly transformed into admiration at sight of M. Zaffoni in the crowd, walking bareheaded in the first row. The august serenity of the old man, himself so near being borne, with the same ceremonial, to the same funereal shelter, explained itself to me completely. He had for many years acted always—as I had seen him act a few hours before—as a man compassionate towards other men. It must be that the influence of peace emanating from that calm face is still sovereign over my soul, for I forget, in its presence, all my wrath against the miserable plagiarist upon whom life has not yet avenged his generous victim. The episode of the cheque is forgotten; the two articles upon the Ionian Parliament, put together in a pamphlet, have had great success, and only this morning I read in a newspaper that there is talk of a Malglaive combination for the next Cabinet! To console myself, I think of the sister whom I have not had the courage to see again, to be the more sure that I should have no share in undeceiving her; and I repeat to myself those two beautiful lines—of the same poet who wrote the "Antigone"—which my Corfiote host was so fond of quoting:

These things are hard, Procne, I confess. Yet it must be
That these decrees of God we mortals should endure with patience.

❀

THE STARS

Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossom the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels. —Longfellow.

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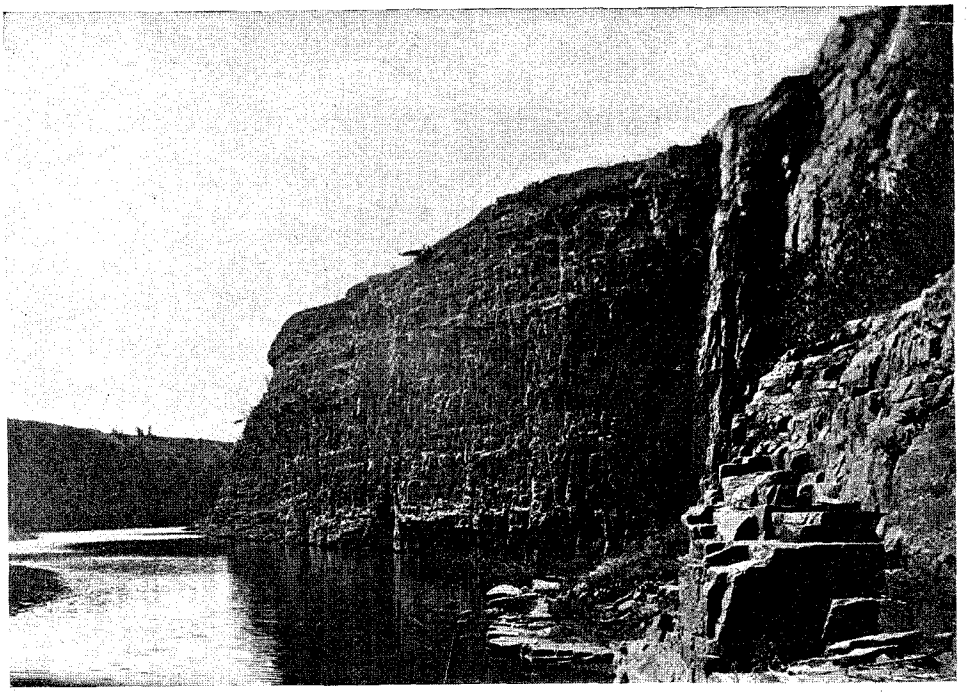

"THE DELLS" OF THE BIG SIOUX RIVER

In the Country of Sitting Bull

By Rosa T. Shelton

IT is not altogether strange that among the coyotes, the bad lands, and the wild storms of the Western prairies there should mature a character like that of Sitting Bull. If it be true that the rugged hills and the severe climate of New England are in great part responsible for the strong purpose, endurance, and ruggedness of her sons, may it not be equally true that the subtle, sudden fury of the Western elements and the monotonous barrenness of large sections of Sioux lands have had some influence on the treacherous nature of this man who wielded such power over his people that together they sometimes held the whole American Nation in fear and horror?

When, some years ago, it was the writer's good fortune to visit the old man in his own country, he wore unmistakably the expression of the disappointment which the years had brought him since the time when, full of savage strength and ambition, he started east to count the lodges of the white man, that he might the more intelligently wipe them from the face of the earth. Needless to say he went a very short journey from the reservation, but, like a frightened dog, hurried back to cover, content to spend his time in nurturing the savage instinct of his people, which he accomplished the more perfectly because of the numerous practical illustrations which he gave them of military tactics and massacre.

As some women of distorted instinct send costly flowers to murderers in their cells, so did white people seek out Sitting Bull in his lair, after his most horrible uprisings, heaping gifts and flatteries upon him and asking some token of remembrance in return.

Possibly the writer's own sense of the fitness of things was somewhat awry when she asked lief of the old man to purchase his favorite pipe as he sat smoking one day, calm as sleeping Vesuvius, with never a symptom of the fury which he might disclose. However this may be, the pipe changed hands for a suitable consideration after much argument pro and con, and its present owner

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has the satisfaction of knowing that, while the bowl has never again blazed with its bed of burning bark, it was then hot with the old man's breath as well as the fire which he himself had lighted—hence a genuine relic! Not as a further favor, but because of a further consideration, the distinguished American condescendingly wrote his autograph upon the stem of the pipe, covering by the act his whole knowledge of the arts of spelling and writing.

During his latter years he offered himself in marriage to many a white girl on the prairie who pleased his fancy, that, as he said, he might have the more women about him to wash his clothes and bring him comfort; but no one responded, even for the sake of dear celebrity.

AMERICAN TYPES

Sitting Bull's country is like his nature—barren and wild, with now and then a real touch of beauty in its sunlight and its moonlight, and an occasional fragrant breath of pure ozone which has been in contact with the prairie flowers; but its blizzards, its cyclones, its sandstorms and hot winds, its prairie fires and extremes of heat and cold, are ever uppermost in the traveler's mind, and small wonder is it that the red men imprisoned on their waste lands, dreaming of the delights of their fathers and of their stolen inheritance—their "dear Minnesota"—should try to satiate the cravings of this memory by the savage ghost-dance or any other form of heathen revelry! Hovering over them as they sit around the council-fires telling their myth stories are ever the spirits of their ancestors which moan in the winds and deplore the fate of their nation. Those of the chiefs and warriors who are constantly being gathered to their fathers in these days of quiet and peace go, not from the glory of battle, but as prey to the national enemy, scrofula, or some other visible result of the anger of their numerous gods, and are slowly enlarging the many burial-places on the windy highlands of their country, whence their spirits may the more easily join the ranks of the departed.

But the Sitting Bull stamp of Indian is not the only one among them all. Though one of their great men, he was meanest and lowest in character, of dwarfed and misshapen nature, ruling only by the power to inspire fear in his people, whose chief medicine-man he was for many years. Gall, the war-chief of the Sioux, who planned and carried out the action against General Custer, wrong as many may consider him in that act, was nevertheless a man of great intellect and broad character, one who would have been numbered among the generals of the world had he been white and educated. He it was who welcomed to his camp a solitary white traveler, offered the hospitality of his tepee, and watched over him while he slept. And when, the visit over, the chief conducted his guest to the nearest agency on his journey homeward, he said in parting, with a depth of feeling scarce looked for in a savage, "You came alone to my village; you sat in my tepee and slept by my side. I watched you closely to discover, if might be, a fear of the red man whom your people hate, but I found none. You trusted the Indian, and henceforth he is your friend."

Sitting Bull had great influence as counselor among his people. He could talk and persuade with rare eloquence. Old Gall could plan and execute. But the rare oratory for which the Sioux are famous, the grace and dignity which are pure nature, are embodied to great degree in the old chief, Running Antelope. The writer stood before him one day awaiting his welcome after the accustomed hand-shake, when, standing erect, tall and rugged, he folded his blanket about him as if he were facing the United States Senate or some other august assembly, and said, "Those who travel have brains. You have come a long way to see us, and we are glad." Then he delivered an extemporaneous

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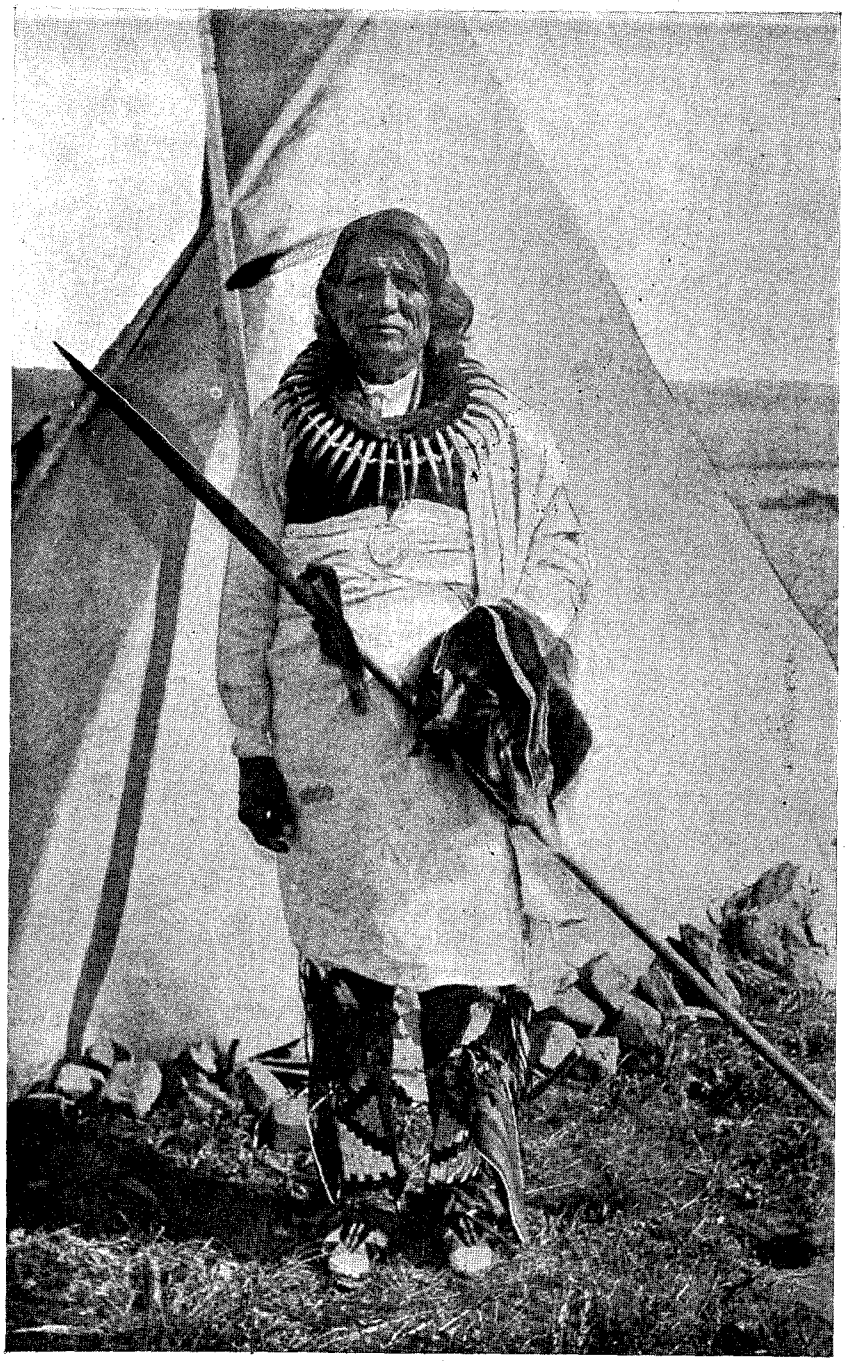

CHIEF STANDING BEAR

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address which loses sadly by the free translation, but was in substance as follows:

"There was once a pool of bright, beautiful water, like crystal in its clearness, in which nothing that defiles had ever been. This pool was the home of happy fish who swam and played in the water, and never lacked food, or thought of harm. Finally a man came along and threw into the pool a handful of mud, which so blackened the water and frightened the fish that they could not see where to swim and could find no food. Before the water had cleared again, another man passed by, throwing in more mud; and yet again did it happen, even many times, until the fish could not recover from their

DANCE DRESS

Former property of wife of Running Antelope.

fright, and many of them died from fear or injury, many others from starvation, and never again was the pool clear or the fish happy.

"The pool is the Indian country, and the fish are the Indians. Once all was beautiful and they knew no trouble, but the United States Government came along and threw into the pool a handful of mud, calling it a treaty, and you, white man, know how treaty after treaty has been thrown at the red men, broken and lost, and only their present hungry, frightened, sick condition is the result! Never will the pool be clear again, and the red men who cannot die long only for the happy hunting-grounds where their brothers have gone."

Yet extremes do meet, and when next the writer visited Running Antelope, instead of wrapping himself so dignifiedly in his native blanket and delivering an allegorical speech, he stood ludicrously clad in a silk hat and a very worn and civilized frock coat, the gift of some well-meaning missionary, and the old man's chief desire then was to get word back to the donor to lose no time in sending the trousers to match, since the white man's dress pleased him well.

Yet what great man is without his frailties? Even George Washington was not oblivious to the elegance of his powdered wig. And in Running Antelope's tepee was to be found full proof of the *glory* of his existence in shape of the pictorial record of his war expeditions and achievements. Ethnology is rich in such picture-histories which the red men hand down from father to son with a veneration as for sacred writings, and each generation guards with great care the history of its race. Sometimes at night their campfires burn with unusual luridness, sending their wreaths of smoke into the inky sky from fagots piled lavishly for such a well-nigh treeless country, while the old chiefs recline on the sun-scorched earth pointing with slender fingers to the pictured skins before them, and translating the symbols with all the pride of so many Cæsars. Great comfort seems to come with such rehearsals, and the long hours of the night wear away with the solemn stories, and often end in impromptu war-dances in commemoration of the old days.

Running Antelope had chosen a unique medium for the transmittance of his autobiography in shape of the "dance dress" of his wife. This gown, modeled with few seams and no gathers, much after the pillow-case pattern, with an opening for the head, of plain unbleached muslin, trimmed with bits of red flannel and green calico, became a lasting monument to his deeds of valor. Used only on state occasions and protected carefully between times, it was destined to rival in endurance the deerskin now so rare. On both sides of the gown, painted in colors prepared by the artist, are many figures of men and horses. Across the shoulders of the front are the eight victims of the hero, in a row. The other figures, distributed in groups, represent the various incidents of the history. The whole is one long story of horror, since wounds and streams of gore, flowing, apparently, in gallons from both men and horses, are most prominent.

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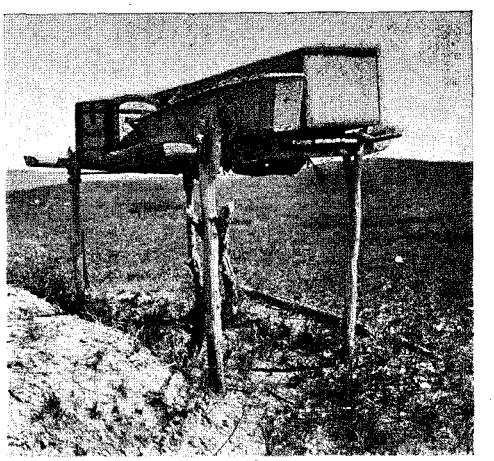
The old chief felt the pride of real heroism as he described to the writer the difficulties of each encounter and his unparalleled victories. But no persuasion would induce him to interpret the central scene. As many times as this group was neared, just so often would he hastily pass it and refuse to speak. The victim in this group is pale and white and bears no mark of tribe, and it is quite possible that this is the only monument to some unfortunate paleface who encountered the Indian at the wrong moment.



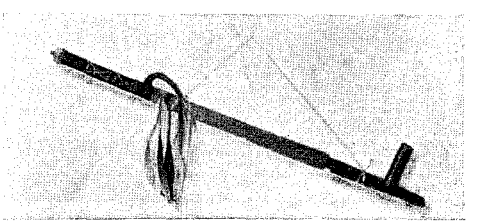
INDIAN BURIAL-GROUND

Hand in hand with civilization, and, indeed, a step in advance of her strides, the Love-of-money and the dance dress changed owners!

It is hard to define in these days just what one means by wild Indian, or, indeed, to know whether there are still wild Indians in this country; but during the summer outing which brought the writer in contact with the famous Indians mentioned above, it also fell to her lot to join a small party who traveled across the plains to a point far up the Missouri River, one hundred and fifty miles northwest of Bismarck, to visit a camp of Mandans recently from Canadian lands. They came into the States and settled themselves on the deserted camp-ground of a tribe removed to the south, where they found a number of rough log houses and a most beautiful view of the "Big Muddy" as it rolled by them. These Indians were as nearly wild as one could find, never having received rations or having been identified with those more nearly civilized. Never had a white woman spent a night in their camp, and they chronicled the new event with interest.

The object of this visit on the part of one of the party was to meet the chiefs and men in council and propose educational advantages for the children. The question was one of grave import to them, and they gathered in the twilight around the council fire in the customary circle, made up in part by the visitors. The pipe was passed round in solemn manner while in low tones the men agreed with one another as to what each one should say to the white man when his turn came to speak. The council was a grave one, since other than school matters were discussed, the Great Father being urged through his representative to send his children a boat in which they and their horses might cross to the other side of the river at such time as rations should be issued them, and the twilight faded into night long before the deliberations were at an end.

Finally, when midnight approached, the Indians arose, saying that they had still much to talk of, but that white men were used to sleep at that hour and they would not tire them, but would leave them to rest in a log house at their disposal. In the night was heard a faint whistle away off in the distance, scarcely audible and yet distinct, followed by another in the opposite direction, both sounding unmistakably like signals. The writer forgot all about the glory of being the first white woman to spend a night in the camp, and heartily wished herself devoid of all distinction and in a civilized part of the land. She could arouse no sympathy on the part of her fellow-travelers, who sleepily said, "Why, yes, the Indians are around, evidently, but what of that!" Finally the soft swishing made by many moccasined feet in the long prairie grass about the cabin was heard on all sides. The morning brought to light the fact that, excited by their unusual council, they had spent the hours of the night dancing in a distant lodge, and the homeward path led them directly by the cabin of the visitors, which stood on the outskirts of the camp.



SITTING BULL'S PIPE

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The Pilgrim's Progress

By Amory H. Bradford

THE appearance of a new and perhaps the most elaborate and splendid edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" that has ever been published is a suitable time for mentioning some facts concerning the great allegory which are not generally known even by the reading public.

The "Pilgrim's Progress" is probably the most widely circulated book ever written except the Bible. Different persons find the secret of its popularity in different causes. The allegorical form, if it really possesses the quality of literature, is always popular. It has the advantage of a picture, and appeals to the eye as well as to the imagination. Simplicity of language is always a quality of books which are widely read, and this book is "a well of English undefiled." But neither its picturesqueness nor its exquisite simplicity is sufficient to account for its place in literature and its influence on the hearts and lives of men. That secret is in the universality of the religious sentiment, and in the feeling that Bunyan has truly represented human life's pilgrimage. Taine has said that the reason that the book is so great a favorite in England is that "the basis of Protestantism is the doctrine of salvation by grace, and no writer has equaled Bunyan in making this doctrine understood." That may account for the circulation in England, but it does not explain its circulation in Roman Catholic countries.

The fact is that this work illustrates, as few others do, Emerson's fine lines:

> Out of the heart of nature rolled
> The burdens of the Bible old;
> The litanies of nations came,
> Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
> Up from the burning core below,
> The canticles of love and woe.

The Bunyan literature now constitutes a library by itself, while every year new editions appear in still more elaborate forms. The book has been criticised and sneered at as few writings ever were, but it has steadily risen to the highest level in the world of letters. Bunyan's place is beside Shakespeare, Milton, and Dante. His allegory is a worthy companion for the immortal work of Dante, with the difference that while the Englishman endeavors to delineate the growth of a soul on the earth, the Florentine seeks to follow its upward movement beyond death.

The first part of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was written by John Bunyan during his second imprisonment in the Bedford jail, and not, as some have supposed, during his earlier imprisonment of twelve years in the jail of the county. About one-third was written after his release. The first part was completed when he was forty-seven years of age, and the second part when he was fifty-five.

Bunyan lived in the wild days of the Puritan Revolution. He was a Puritan of the Puritans, as his pages show. For a while he was a soldier in the Parliamentary Army. He belongs to the same spiritual race as Cromwell and Milton. That rough time was one of the most fertile periods of the history of English letters. It produced the greatest ruler and soldier that ever governed England; the greatest dramatist of all time, for Shakespeare lived in the beginning of the Puritan struggle; the greatest of English epic poets; and the greatest allegorist. Such eras develop the tragic side of life and bring into

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"THIS MAN IS IN A JOURNEY FROM THE CITY OF DESTRUCTION TO MOUNT ZION."

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"THE GENTLEMAN'S NAME WAS MR. WORLDLY-WISEMAN"

clear relief the ever-changing but always intense struggle of the human soul. The first edition of the allegory was published in 1678, but the first and second editions were incomplete. The third was the first complete edition, and that appeared in 1679.

Unlike many other great literary productions, the "Pilgrim's Progress" was popular from the first, although its readers then were found chiefly among the poorer classes—perhaps because most of the Puritans were humble people. Three editions were issued within about one year, and more than one hundred thousand copies were sold during Bunyan's lifetime. When the difference between the number who read then and that of those who read now is considered, this shows an absolutely amazing circulation. The first editions came from the press of Nathanael Ponder, of London, a publisher of Puritan books. Like Bunyan, Ponder suffered for his principles, and at least once was in prison. It is pleasing to be informed, however, that this venture of Ponder's was a financial success, and that ever afterwards he was known as "Bunyan Ponder." The first edition was sold at one shilling and sixpence, and is described as having been "printed in small octavo, on yellowish-gray paper, from apparently new type, and extended to two hundred and thirty-two pages in addition to the author's apology and conclusion."

The contrast between the sumptuous illustrations of the volume whose advance sheets are before me, some of which accompany this article, and the first rude attempt at illustration which appeared in the third edition, is not only interesting, but instructive as showing the progress which has been made in the art of illustration. The earlier edition has a portrait of the author by Robert White, which is described as follows: "In this portrait Bunyan is represented as sleeping over a den in which there is a lion, while above him Christian, with book in one hand, staff in the other, and burden on his back, is toiling up from the City of Destruction, low-lying, to a city on the heights bathed in sunlight."

"THE NAME OF THE ELDEST WAS PASSION, AND OF THE OTHER PATIENCE"

Copies of all the editions which have appeared from the first to our own time are known to be in existence, except the seventh and the

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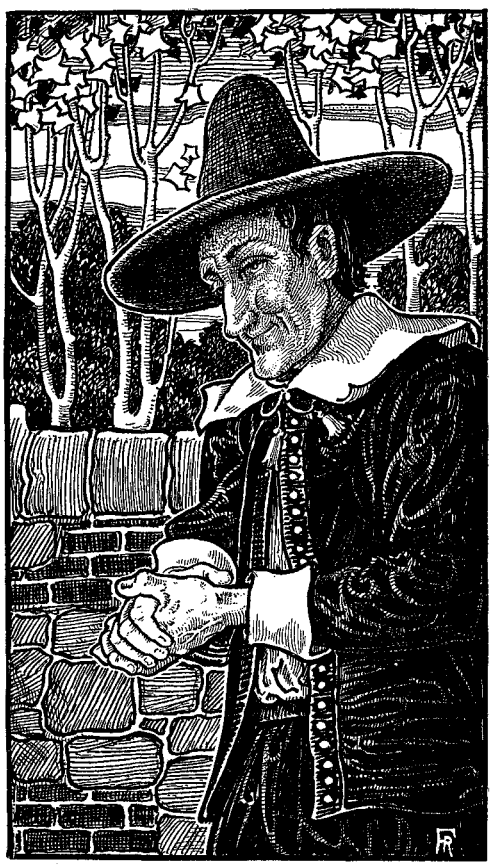
seventeenth. "The Lenox Library in New York has a complete series of editions from the first to the thirty-fourth, with the exception of the seventh, the eleventh, and the seventeenth."

With the fifth edition thirteen "copper cuts" were prepared by way of illustration, and were sold either with or without the text. The subjects which first attracted the artists were the martyrdom of Faithful, Giant Despair, and "the Pilgrims soaring through the clouds after crossing the river." The twelfth edition had fifteen illustrations; and from that time artists found in the great prose-poem a fertile and an inexhaustible field for subjects.

One of the finest editions, artistically considered, is that of 1788. It contained sixteen designs by Thomas Stothard, R. A., which were engraved by "the antiquarian artist, Joseph Strutt." His design of "The Three Shining Ones by the Cross" is especially mentioned by Dr. John Brown, the incomparable biographer of Bunyan, as being characterized by "exquisite softness and grace." Dr. Brown also says that this edition is one of the finest that was ever issued.



"THEY OVERTOOK ONE THAT WAS GOING BEFORE THEM, WHOSE NAME WAS BY-ENDS"

The modern revival of interest in the "Pilgrim's Progress" dates from the edition which was edited by Robert Southey and appeared in 1830. Of this Macaulay wrote: "An eminently beautiful and splendid edition of a book which well deserves all that the painter and the engraver can do." Since Southey's time the work has been issued in many forms and in almost every known language.

The greatest of modern artists have found in the characters and scenes of the Pilgrimage subjects for their pencil. One edition was illustrated by J. M. Turner, R.A., and by George Cruikshank, another by H. C. Selous, another by Sir John Gilbert, and still another by W. Holman Hunt. An *édition de luxe*, with one hundred illustrations by Frederick Barnard and Sir J. D. Linton, is one of the richest which has appeared. Of this but five hundred copies were printed, and of these it is stated that two hundred were sold in the United States.

The "Pilgrim's Progress" has been published in twenty different cities in England alone. Within three years after its appearance in England it was republished in Boston—that was in 1681. The first foreign version appeared in Holland in 1682; then a French version appeared in 1685. One of the curiosities of the circulation of this book is that it was issued in Paris in 1772, indorsed by one of the doctors of the Sorbonne, with Giant Pope left out, "and prayers bound up at the end to be said before the Holy Mass and after the Holy Mass, together with Anthems to the Virgin." The Puritan soul of Bunyan must have been dazed, even in heaven, when he heard of the strange use to which his writings were put.

The book has been translated into between seventy and eighty languages and dialects. It is found, for example, in Icelandic and Esthonian, in Portuguese and Modern Greek, in Hebrew and Syriac, in Hindustani and Canarese, in Chinese and Burmese, in Ashanti and Kaffir, in Raratongan and Maori, in Mexican, and among the Cree and Dakota

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Indians. It is a standard publication of nearly if not all the Protestant missionary societies of the world. It is taught not only in the missionary but in the native schools of Canton. A monk at Beyrout said, "I read this book during the long winter evenings, and feel quite delighted to think that you Protestant friends have at least one good book to offer us."

Perhaps the highest tribute which can be paid to any literary work is found in the frequency with which it is imitated. When brought to this test, the "Pilgrim's Progress" is found to be perhaps the most remarkable of publications, for it has been imitated in almost every land and in nearly every conceivable manner. It has not only been translated and imitated; it has also been dramatized, but it has never yet been popular as a play.

The best life of Bunyan for years to come, if not for all time, is that of Dr. John Brown, of Bedford, to which I am indebted for many of the facts in this article. His work is a thesaurus of all that is known or has been written about Bunyan. Dr. Brown himself has said: "An ideally perfect 'Pilgrim's Progress' would have been the Pilgrim Story by Bunyan, with illustrations by Albrecht Dürer or Hans Holbein." Such a "Pilgrim's Progress" we have not, but it is doubtful if even those masters of the pencil could have produced a more beautiful and fitting edition of the great allegory than it is my privilege to introduce to the readers of The Outlook.

At the Bunyan celebration in Bedford in 1874, Dean Stanley, with that rare catholicity which made him a member of the Church Universal, delivered the address at the unveiling of the statue of the "immortal tinker"—the statue itself was unveiled by Lady Stanley—and I may close my article with his words so appropriate and so full of deep spiritual feeling, for they both condense the Bunyan story and reveal the secret of its wide and enduring popularity:

"All of us need to be cheered by the help of Greatheart and Standfast, and Valiant for the Truth, and good old Honest Some of us have been in Doubting Castle, and some in the Slough of Despond; some have experienced the temptations of Vanity Fair; all of us have to climb the Hill Difficulty; all of us need to be instructed by the Interpreter in the House Beautiful; all of us bear the same burden; all of us need the same armor in our fight with Apollyon; all of us have to pass through the wicket gate; all of us have to pass through the dark river; and for all of us (if God so will) there wait the Shining Ones at the gates of the Celestial City, 'which, when we see, we wish ourselves amongst them."

In artistic excellence and in fitness of form to the character of the book itself, none of the many editions of "Pilgrim's Progress" has been equal to that from which the illustration of this article is derived. The pictures and decorations for this work (which is published by the Century Company, of New York) have been made by three brothers, Louis, Frederick, and George Rhead. The first named is an American; the others, English residents. No one can look at the illustration of this edition as a whole without recognizing the care and study with which the feeling and aim of the author have been rendered. As a discerning critic has said, "The atmosphere of the pictures is that of Bunyan's England and Bunyan's imagination, and they may well serve to give a new lease of life to a classic."

"GATHER MY WHEAT INTO THE GARNER

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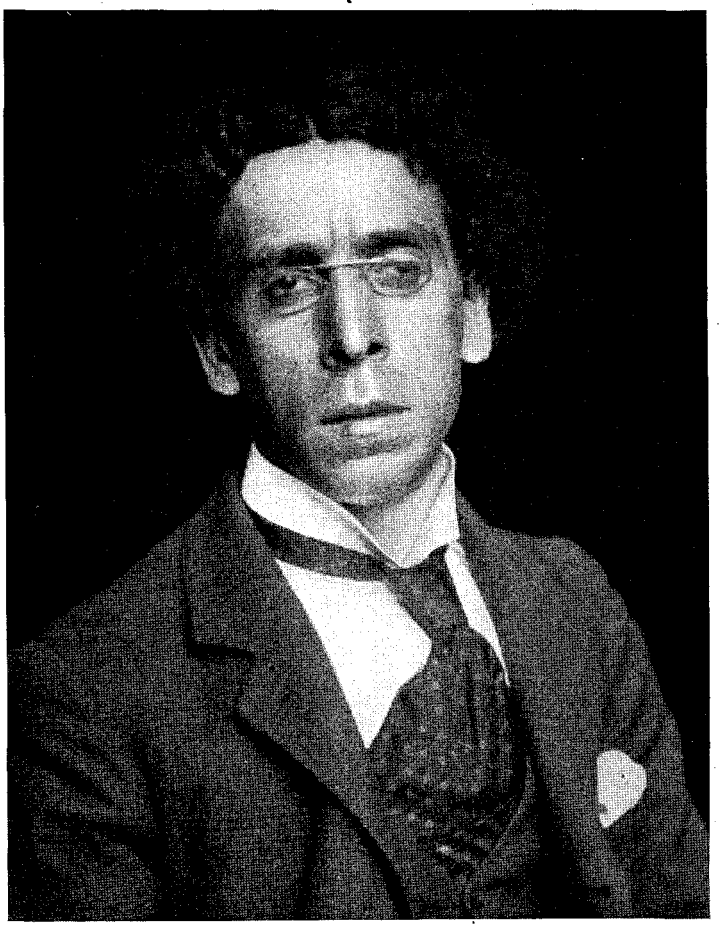

Israel Zangwill

THE accompanying portrait of Mr. Zangwill, taken quite recently by Hollinger & Co., of New York, is an excellent likeness, as well as a fine example of photographic art. It has been said that the American reading public has failed to equal the English in appreciation of Mr. Zangwill's work. We are by no means sure that the statement is correct—certainly the Ghetto stories and "The Master" received a wide reading here; but the author's present visit to America, his lectures, and such public addresses as his acute and clever speech at the Tolstoï dinner, will tend to make known to a still wider audience such delightful tales as "A Tragedy of Creeds" (which our readers will remember as having been reprinted in The Outlook some time ago), "The King of Schnorrers," with its richly inimitable humor, "A Rose of the Ghetto," with its pathos and photographic presentation of modern Jewish conditions, and half a hundred stories and essays almost equally worth reading. As a writer, Mr. Zangwill is strikingly original; witty often to the point of being fantastical; abounding in clever little touches; passing quickly from the tragic to the grotesque; but under epigram and critical gibe there is always evidence of conviction and feeling. He is London-born, of poor Jewish parents; as a boy pushed his way to an education and a teachership by his quick scholarship; scribbled prose and verse from childhood, and actually published a novel when he was sixteen; gradually drifted into journalism and thence into authorship. We imagine he is the only young English writer who has an American town named after him; a village in Oklahoma Territory was called Zangwill by the founders, who happened to be ardent admirers of the novelist.

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Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

Can you suggest a list of topics for Sunday evening sermons to young people? I have a country church. All the ministers who have been here have expressed surprise at the large attendance of young people, and my opportunity in speaking to them. Yet I feel that I have largely failed to impress them permanently. Part of the crowd are careless and ready to laugh at any moment; the rest are hard-working young farmers who are rather unresponsive. All are dependent on something attractive and practical. We have no musical facilities. Hence I have wished sometimes to add to the service a reading or a recitation—something bright, dramatic, and of good moral tone. Longfellow's "King Robert of Sicily" is excellent, but too long. Now, can you suggest any selection or selections of such readings, and a list of topics? If so, you will help me very greatly to solve the problem of how to apply religion to the lives of these young people. R.

Here, as elsewhere, the general need is uplifting views of life in its commonness of daily cares and toils, moral earnestness of aspiration, and culture of conscience toward noble ideals enforced by the sanctions of religion. Things at hand are good starting-points, and a natural leading is in the line of daily interests. Such subjects as subsoil plowing, weeds, good fences, are specimens of suggestive topics for young farmers. Then the training of conscience is needed in many a question of right and wrong in daily conduct, but specially insistence on making daily work truly moral by putting conscience into every stroke. Don't overlook the good texts in the Book of Proverbs. Draw largely on biography for ideals and their illustration. In the libraries of the great city near you is abundant material for this. Books like those of Samuel Smiles and William Mathews abound in illustrations of character-building, Jesus, of course, being the supreme ideal. The service of the State by good citizenship, the distinction between true patriotism and its counterfeits, is another line for timely teaching. For books of selections for reading, Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song" and Dana's "Book of Household Poetry" are useful. In many a biography, such as that of Paton, the missionary to the Hebrides, are passages well worth selection. Many missionary narratives from far-off lands are helpful for that widening the horizon which is desirable whether in farm life or city life. These suggestions are quite enough for a teacher with some imagination and tact.

1. Is it possible for any one to receive forgiveness for wrong thoughts or deeds beyond the extent to which they are changed for better ones? 2. (*a*) Can any one receive more forgiveness than he is prepared to receive? (*b*) Is he obliged to receive as much forgiveness as he is able or prepared to take? 3. If some strong present influence temporarily moves a person to see the wrong of his life, and he feels a trust that he is forgiven, does that forgiveness reach any further than his future thought and action really go in the right direction? 4. Is every wrong thought or deed forgiven just as soon as, from intelligent choice, a better one really takes its place, and no sooner? 5. Is it really a sensible prayer to ask God to forgive us? Is it not much more sensible to ask God to help us so we can receive it? 6. Is not forgiveness as free to all as the sunshine? but, like the plant, can we take more than our present make-up will allow? W. E. M.

For a full treatment of this subject see a chapter in "The Divine Satisfaction" (Whittaker, New York, 40 cents). We reply summarily: 1. No, unless the wrong is done in ignorance while intending the right. 2. (*a*) No. (*b*) Fitness for it, and actual, though perhaps unconscious, reception of it, are inseparable. 3. It covers the past also by converting the moral forces of the soul from a course of deterioration to a course of reparation. 4. Yes, with the qualification mentioned under 1. 5. The latter phrase is what the former, truly understood, should be taken to mean. 6. Yes; but, unlike the plant, we are bound to "hunger and thirst after righteousness," and thus enlarge the capacity of "our present make-up."

Can you recommend any good books on (1) the Lord's Supper, and conditions and qualifications of church membership; (2) the doctrine of assurance of salvation; (3) revivals, their philosophy and abuses? VERITAS.

1. On the Lord's Supper see "The Memorial Hour" (Lothrop, Boston, $1.25); "The Lord's Supper," by J. P. Lilley (Scribners, New York, $2); Bulfinch's "Communion Thoughts" (American Unitarian Association, Boston, 80 cents). For the other matter there is nothing more complete than the New

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Testament. 2 See the writings of the Rev. F. B. Meyer, and other teachers of the Keswick School. For an old-style book, see Dr. R. Wardlaw's essay on "The Assurance of Faith" (Blackie, Glasgow; can be ordered of an importing bookseller; 5 shillings). 3. See Dr. E. N. Kirk's "Lectures on Revivals" (Congregational Publishing Society, Boston, $1.50).

Kindly inform me what authority you have for using the word "Catholic" when referring to the Romish Church, as I have often noticed your doing in different articles. It is also very noticeable in Mrs. Ward's "Helbeck of Bannisdale." Is it correct to speak of a member of the Church of Rome as a Catholic?

C. G. R.

Strictly speaking, that portion of "the holy catholic church" which acknowledges the supremacy of the Roman pontiff is distinguished from others as the "Roman Catholic" Church. As it calls itself the Catholic Church, common usage refers to it by that name, but does not thereby acknowledge its exclusive right to the name, any more than designating another group of churches as "Baptist," though strictly to be designated as "Antipædobaptist," implies that they are the only churches which practice baptism. So far as any Christian of any ecclesiastical name is free from sectarianism is he truly a Catholic.

On pages 243 and 244 of The Outlook for September 24, 1898, in reviewing the book "Organic Evolution Considered," by Professor Fairhurst, you say: "To obviate any conflict between Genesis and geology, he is obliged to fall back on the now discredited assumption that by the 'days' of Genesis were meant indefinite periods." If by the "days" of Genesis "indefinite periods" were *not* meant, then what *were* meant—days of twenty-four hours each? If so, how could that be reconciled with geology?

F. N. T.

This question assumes that the first chapter of Genesis is intended as a scientifically accurate history of the creation of the world. We understand it, on the contrary, to be a poem, though the product of an age in which poetry, philosophy, and history were not discriminated, as they are not in Hindu literature. This poem had for its basis certain very early conceptions respecting creation, which are found also in other religious literature. Its religious value depends, not upon its scientific accuracy, but upon the religious spirit which pervades it.

A friend of mine has a large picture (a photogravure) the title of which is "Christ or Diana?" Beneath the title is this line: "Let her cast the incense—but one drop and she is free." Will you please tell me from what this line is taken, also the thought which lies back of the picture?

L. W. C.

Perhaps some reader can point to the source of the line quoted. The picture illustrates a common situation in the first three centuries, when the Christian was compelled to choose between idolatrous worship and martyrdom.

Can you inform me as to whether there is any genuine Correspondence College which grants degrees in Divinity and Philosophy for work done under its supervision? H.

We have heard of such, but we do not consider "degrees" obtained by correspondence sufficiently valuable to encourage our friends to seek them. We can, however, commend the Chautauqua College, conducted on the correspondence plan. It receives no candidates for degrees, but grants certificates of graduation to students completing courses equivalent to those usually taken for the A.B., Ph.B., and B.S. degrees. For circulars address John H. Daniels, Station C, Buffalo, N. Y.

Can you refer me to the most exhaustive treatment of the claims of Christian Science on the negative side? H. B. T.

Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena" (McClurg, Chicago, $1.50), and Bates's "Christian Science and Its Problems" (Methodist Book Concern, New York, 50 cents), taken together cover the ground.

Please inform me if there are any books especially treating of the Church in the North in its relation to slavery. A. B.

See Matlack's "Anti-Slavery Struggle and Triumph in the Methodist Church" (Methodist Book Concern, New York, $1); also "William Lloyd Garrison and His Times," by Oliver Johnson (Russell, Boston, $2).

The peace mission of Mr. J. R. Gilmore and Colonel Jaquess to the Confederate Government in 1864 was the subject of an inquiry received some time ago. A most interesting volume just published, "Personal Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," by Mr. Gilmore, gives a full account of it. It appeared condensed in the New York "Times" supplement of October 8.

Can any of your readers tell me where I can find a copy of an old singing-book called "The Juvenile Choir." The book contained such songs as "Oh, come, come away, from labor now reposing," "Come to the sunset tree," etc.

M. E. D.

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The Home Club

Medicated Training for Children

By Jeannette Robinson Murphy

I am very much interested in everything connected with the mental and moral and physical training of children. I have two youngsters of my own with whom I have been experimenting. I started out with very orthodox, old-fashioned notions, and I am not altogether satisfied with the result. No doubt the summary of the whole duty of a parent, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," is brief and brilliant, and involves a world of personal experience, but somehow it doesn't seem to work well under modern conditions. I have lately been studying up this matter from a scientific standpoint. I don't pretend quite to understand it. This matter of "cerebral nerve-cells" and "nuclei" and "neurons" and "gray matter" and "protoplasm," and all the rest of it, is a trifle mystifying; but, as near as I can make it out, these scientific people would have us believe that, in most cases, it is not so much more floggings as better nourishment that children need. In fact, less cake and candy, and more meat, more eggs, more milk, more whole-wheat bread. In brief, less scolding and more "albuminoids," which is, being interpreted—"beans." It is needless to say that my principal authority for this comes from the vicinity of Boston.

There is still another theory which is held by a most respectable class of medical men. They, too, insist that bad children are not really bad, but that in some way the animal machine has got out of order and needs cleaning, like an old clock. I can't quite make it out, but it some way sounds familiar. When I was a child, I remember very well that if I was particularly cross and cantankerous, and everybody else thought I needed a whipping, my dear old grandmother would always say, "That child is sick! She'd never behave that way if she wasn't sick!"

I am coming back very much to my grandmother's way of thinking. At the same time I have no reason to doubt that the scientists and dietetic reformers are also right. But this only solves one puzzle by giving us a whole volume of bigger ones. What, for example, would these learned men advise as the best food to bring up a child on who is notoriously given to lying? What particular brand of "cracked wheat" would they recommend for a boy with badly "cracked morals"? Can an ordinary street arab be dieted into decency by unlimited "pretzels," or a vicious young hoodlum from the slums be clarified and deodorized by any reforming "food ration" that these scientists can devise? Then, too, as to the matter of medication, what is the best known tonic for impudence? Are Doctor Puffem's "pleasant peaceable pellets" a specific for a quarrelsome disposition? Are bad tempers, disobedience, and general "diablerie" in boys, and the infinite petty meannesses which some girls manage to develop, after all, only infectious diseases, like mumps, or measles, or whooping-cough, and to be combated from the drug-stores and conquered by potions and powders and pills?

There's an immense amount to be said about this infection business. I have talked with a great many mammas of notoriously bad children, and I never yet found one who was not sure that her boy had "caught it" from some little villain in a near-by street, whom she "couldn't keep him away from."

Of course my own experience in the application of these theories has been limited, and is very diffidently given. My little daughter, I regret to say, is not always the best-tempered person in the world. Who she "caught it" from I can't exactly say. I have, however, heard women remark to their husbands, in cases of this kind, "Well, now, that child has a temper, and she comes by it honestly. *My* family were always so amiable!" But, as I was about to say, when I remind my darling to stop her play and attend to any little neglected matter of duty, she is quite likely to frown and pout, and often behaves very badly about it.

Some time since, on the occasion of a slight illness, I consulted the doctor about her. He said she was "anæmic," and "her system needed toning up." Now, as I have known something of the virtues of cod-liver oil, I at once came to the conclusion that this was the very thing my child needed. So I told her that the very next time she was cross I would give her a dose of cod-liver oil. I am free to say the medicine has worked wonders. I have given her only three full doses, I think, since I began the treatment,

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but her temper is marvelously improved. Even the sight of the spoon is a most effective disposition tonic. If, for any reason, this does not work, a view of the oil-bottle is all that is needed, and long before I can get the dose poured out, the anger—not the oil—is gulped down, the skies are clear, the tears cease, and sunshine and serenity reign.

My boy is younger, but is a sturdy little fellow who is inclined to be pugnacious, and, while hardly more than a baby, is not at all behind his companions in his readiness to "catch" bad habits. His dosing so far has been confined to simple domestic remedies. He has needed very little of either since he learned that his disposition to fight was to be cleared with quinine, and his untidiness with castor oil. He claims that he "hasn't whipped a boy or been whipped" for a week, which I am inclined to think is a fair statement of the case. He came in yesterday, however, in a great hurry to get his shoes, as I had permitted him to go on the street without them. On questioning him, he explained that "Bill"—a boy about his own small age—was going to "whip him," and that he "couldn't fight without his shoes." "Because," he explained, "Bill" would step on his toes and kick him, and he couldn't kick back. The castor-oil bottle was, however, in plain sight, and, though I made no comments or threats, it was not very long before he announced that he wasn't "mad with Bill any more," and forgot all about his shoes, and was soon playing on the best of terms with his enemy of a few moments before.

Servants and Children

A correspondent sends us a thoughtful letter, evidently the outgrowth of careful observation of mothers who come within her social circle. She asks, "Are we not taught in the Gospel that the greatest accomplishment to which we can attain is to love everybody?—which," she says, "means, as I understand it, that if we cannot love with approval we should love with benevolence; and that if we do not find it easy or natural, then this disposition should be cultivated." She then asks the question, "If a mother teaches her child, directly or indirectly, not to love, but only to like, or tolerate, some one in her employ, be it teacher or nurse, is she not morally culpable? If this employee is not morally delinquent, her defects being simply those of manners, she through lack of training having acquired careless habits, and if she cannot be influenced to change her habits, should she be discharged, even though she be religious, amiable, and have many agreeable ways?" Should a mother, this correspondent means, keep in her employ a person she is not willing her child should love, and in so doing is she not contradicting the law of love, which is the law of Christ? Serious problems are involved in the above questions. One might easily have a good servant, who, so far as the demands of the family upon the services of the servant are concerned, might be perfection; yet this servant's manners might in many ways be far from what the mother would desire her child to approve or admire. It is absolutely certain that every child should be taught to treat every servant with respect; whether the servant deserves it or not, the position of the child in the household should demand that the child should be courteous to all under the roof, whatever their position; but does it follow that a child must be trained to love every servant?—a tremendous tax on the affections of some children, when one realizes the procession of servants that pass through some households in a year! As a matter of course, all servants brought into personal relations with the children should have such manners and character as would make them winning, and the fit companions of the children of the household. One of the positive facts in life is that love cannot be forced, and it is fortunate that it is so. Love is a natural expression of the heart, and no mother could, by any operation of her influence, compel a child to love a servant, or anybody else. It might be her bounden duty to prevent a child loving a servant, for a thousand reasons. On the compelling of respect from a child to every servant employed in the house, there could be no question—that is, compelling outward respect; while it might be a very serious mistake to permit a child to love a servant, and a grave error not to make the child discriminate, by expressing regret that the servant has those defects which prevent the family loving her.

A Home Reading Circle

A correspondent asks for suggestions in conducting a Foreign Tourists' Club in the home circle. Some of our readers may have conducted such a scheme of reading in a home circle, and be able to make suggestions that would be helpful.

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For the Little People

The New Neighbor

By Tudor Jenks

Some new folks took the Jones's place,
  Where Pete Jones lived before.
There were no boys, only one little girl;
  So, though it's right next door,
We didn't make friends for quite a while,
  Which Ma thought wasn't right.
She told me I must go and call
  If I wanted to be polite.

Of course I had to go, you see,
  And I marched through their front gate.
Her mother opened their big front door,
  And I was asked to wait.
When Sue came down, she was rosy red,
  While I felt sort of queer.
We both said "How d'ye do?" at once,
  But Sue would not come near.

What next to say I couldn't think;
  She giggled, and I frowned.
Then her mother brought some cookies out,
  All crispy hot and browned.
I took two, and Sue took three.
  I tell you, they were nice!
And as those cookies snapped in two
  It somehow "broke the ice."

I asked her if she liked baseball;
  She said that she played "House."
I told her, if she'd like to come,
  She might see my pet mouse.
She said she had a new plaid dress;
  I showed her my new knife;
She said she'd seen in the circus once
  An elephant, large as life.

Then I remarked that I had to go,
  And she mumbled out, "Good-by."
I said I'd come some other day,
  But she made no reply.
Then I walked slowly down to the gate,
  So glad my call was done;
And when I was out in the road again,
  I went home on a run.

And now it makes me laugh to think
  How silly we were that day,
For Sue is mighty nice, you know—
  In a girly sort of way.
But when it is a *boy* that comes,
  All that I have to say
Is, "Hey, there, new boy!—what's your name?"
  And then we begin to play.

An Unwelcomed Supper Guest

By Heloise Durant Rose

In the early part of this century, when stag supper-parties often took the place of dinners in London society, a well-known nobleman, whose hospitality was famous, kept a tame lion as a household pet, though rather to the discomfiture of his friends, who could not accustom themselves to the huge beast's presence.

On a certain occasion, when a special supper was being given, just before the arrival of the guests, the lion, who had his accustomed quarters in the library, strolled into the dining room, and, unperceived by the servants, curled himself under the massive table, draped with spotless linen. At the appointed hour the host and his friends seated

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themselves at the festive board. As the wine circulated freely and the dainty dishes began to disappear, the company became hilarious, and the mirth evolved from wine-cups awoke the sleeping king of the forest. He endeavored to stand up, but in rising found the table in his way. With a growl he exerted his strength, and in a moment the well-spread board rose in the air and toppled over with a great crash. Amid the breaking of china and glass arose an indignant roar from the lion, which was echoed by the frenzied cries of the revelers. The silver candelabra had tumbled over with the other things, and, the lights having gone out, chaos reigned for some minutes, while a lion and a dozen fine gentlemen were indiscriminately mixed with table linen and broken dishes and eatables, in a mad struggle to escape with their lives.

Fortunately, the lion harmed no one, but it took some time for the guests to recover from the shock they had received.

Aqua, the Fairy

By May H. Prentice

The little fairy Aqua lay all curled up on a yellow poplar-leaf, fast asleep. The leaf was the very last on the tree, for while the other leaves had turned yellow and then brown and softly wavered down to earth, this one had bravely clung to the tree until that frosty, sunshiny November morning when little Aqua lay asleep upon it. Perhaps she had chosen the yellow leaf for her night's resting-place because it somehow reminded her of Mr. Sol, a dear old friend of hers.

Poor little Aqua! She was so tired. All the summer long she had worked. She had given refreshing drink to thirsty violets, dandelions, and daisies without number; she had washed the dusty face of more than one baby leaf; again and again she had spent all night in decorating the web of the ugly, big, black-and-yellow spider who lived among the blackberry-bushes, and who never even said "Thank you," though she gave him jewels fit for a king.

So no wonder she was tired when she fell asleep on the yellow poplar-leaf. And no wonder, chilly as she was, that she huddled herself into a little round ball.

But by and by her friend Mr. Sol, who spends his whole time in journeying over the world to bring warmth and comfort to those who need, came and stood above her and smiled down upon her.

Don't you know some one whose smile warms you clear through, until the warmth goes out to the very tips of your fingers and your toes? And isn't the person who smiles so one who is always giving kindnesses and never expecting anything in return? And when that person smiles at you don't you feel as if you were very light indeed, and as if you could almost walk on air?

Well, when dear old Mr. Sol beamed down on little Aqua, she felt just so. She first stirred a little in her sleep, then she opened her eyes and smiled back at him, her face shining like a diamond. Then, trembling with delight, she slowly shook out a pair of gauzy wings, thinner and more delicate than those of a dragon-fly. In fact, so beautifully delicate were they as to be often invisible.

"Now, fly and play," said Mr. Sol, which was surely the right way to put it, for it would have been very strange to tell a creature with such wings as those to "run and play."

I wish you could have seen little Aqua poised on the poplar-leaf and slowly rising into the air. Not alone, oh, no indeed! for Mr. Sol had wakened great numbers of her sister fairies to join in the frolic. Here and there through the air they sported, after the fashion of yellow butterflies, rising gradually higher and higher, crowding closer and closer, until little Annie, who was looking out of her window, wondered at the cloud in the sky.

Such a lovely time as they had! But in the midst of their fun Aqua felt a cold breath which made her partly fold her wings through sheer fright, so that she almost fell to the earth.

North Wind, a gruff, good-hearted fellow, and something of a magician, though you would never guess it from his manner, had come to bring Aqua a message.

Did she know the bed of pansies down by Annie's back door? A dreadful fellow called Zero had threatened to destroy them. Wouldn't Aqua and her sisters come to hide them from him?

"Of course we will," said Aqua, "but you must help too, North Wind."

So North Wind breathed upon the little fairies until they folded their wings and stood clothed in white mantles, warm and soft and beautifully embroidered.

Then he took them, as gently as such a rough fellow could do, in his arms and carried them down to Annie's garden. Putting them down, he tucked their mantles over both

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them and the pansies, and left them safe hidden from old Zero.

Little Aqua lies close to the root of a big yellow pansy, and whispers to him of the time when Mr. Sol will come to bid them both get up. And when Yellow-face is restless and impatient, as he sometimes is, she warns him that Mr. Zero is still lurking around the corner.

She gets tired herself sometimes, but she comforts herself with the thought of Mr. Sol's smile when he shall by and by bend over her and whisper, "So, little friend, you have been doing my work while I was away? I thank you, dear. Now fly and play."

Buttercup's Breakfast

By Mrs. C. A. Page

Buttercup, the pretty Jersey cow, and Daisy, the good old red cow, were out in the field eating breakfast. It was early in the morning, and all the little spears of grass were shining with dewdrops. The little birds were singing, and the sun shone brightly.

"Oh," said Buttercup, "how good this grass tastes! I'm sorry for the horses shut up in the barn, with only dry hay to eat." "Yes," answered Daisy; "when they do go out of the barn, they have to draw a wagon or carriage. I think we are very fortunate." Just then "Bow-wow-wow!" sounded near by. Both Daisy and Buttercup looked up, but could see nothing, so went on eating. "Bow-wow-wow!" came again, and there under a bush stood a little black dog, wagging his tail very hard and looking very friendly. "Bow-wow," he said; "what a fine morning this is, and how happy you both look!" "Yes, indeed, we are happy," replied Buttercup; "do come and have breakfast with us." "Thank you," said the little dog, and wagged his tail harder than ever. "I'm very hungry and should like some breakfast, but excuse me; I don't see anything to eat." "Nothing to eat!" echoed Daisy; "this grass and this clover are delicious." "Yes," said the dog, "they are very pretty to look at, but I can't eat grass and I don't like clover." "Don't eat grass and clover!" exclaimed both cows. "Whatever do you eat!" "Why, bread is very nice, and bones—oh—bones make my mouth water!" "Yes," said Buttercup, "one of the children gave me a piece of bread once, and I ate it to oblige her. It wasn't nearly as nice as clover, but it wasn't bad; but bones—how can you like them? But if you really do, I can show you one; I saw it this morning." So they all walked through the field till they came to a little clump of sweet-fern bushes, and under that was a bone which some careless person had dropped. "Oh, this is the kind of breakfast for me!" said the little dog, and how his tail did wag! Daisy and Buttercup were glad to see their new little friend so pleased, and watched him till he had quite finished. "Now," said Buttercup, "come down to the brook and we will all have a drink—but perhaps you don't like water!" "Oh, yes," said doggie, "there is nothing I like better than water, except, perhaps, bones." So they all went to the little brook which danced over the stones and ran singing down to the river. There they all three drank the cool water. "Thank you very much," said the little dog. "I never had a better breakfast, and I am very much obliged to you." Then they found a shady place under a tree and all three went fast asleep.

Perilous Journey of Some Eggs

Gold was found in Alaska. As soon as this was known, men began to go to the place where the gold was found. Food, in a country as cold as Alaska, has to be carried long distances. Some kinds of food are so scarce as to become very high in price. A man heard that eggs were difficult to get in the gold regions. He bought quantities of eggs, and had them frozen. Then he started for the gold region, with the frozen eggs in bags, four dogs and a man to help him. He buried some of his eggs in the snow, and traveled on with his dogs, each carrying twenty-eight pounds of frozen eggs. Once when he stopped at a cabin, one of the bags of eggs was stolen. The man caught the thief, and the judge sentenced the thief to pay for the eggs at the rate of $1.85 a dozen. At another time the unsold eggs were put on a raft with the man helper and the dogs. The owner stayed on shore to guide the raft by a line. The raft was caught and the line wrenched from the egg-owner's hands. It went spinning and whirling down the river, the owner running on the shore. Suddenly a rock appeared in the river; the raft struck it, and went under the water. The man on it jumped to the rock; the bags of eggs floated. The owner plunged into the water, got the eggs ashore, and then went after the man on the rock. Finally a camp was reached, and the eggs sold at three dollars per dozen.

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The Religious World

The People's Palace Dancing Classes

The Outlook has asked Mr. Scudder, whose work in Jersey City, in the People's Tabernacle, has been notable of its kind, to explain to its readers exactly what he proposes by his dancing classes, and he does so in the following letter. The reader will notice his wise discrimination between the needs of a family church and those of an institutional or people's church carrying on its work in an unchurchly atmosphere and for people not accustomed to go to church.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In response to your request for an authoritative account of the dancing class in connection with our People's Palace, I would say that recently the secular press has given us a vast amount of free advertising, for which we cordially thank them. Regular instruction in dancing, and occasional receptions where dancing is allowed, are and have been features of our People's Palace work in lower Jersey City for several years. This movement is nothing new. It is not conducted by either of our churches. Our church on Jersey City Heights is a family church and needs nothing of this kind; but the Tabernacle is located far down-town in the tenement-house district, and is surrounded by saloons, gambling-hells, and brothels. It is preeminently an institutional church, and is adjusting itself to its environment with conscientious common sense. In conjunction with the Tabernacle, and yet in no sense a part of it, we have erected our People's Palace, which is a secular institution, operated, however, under religious auspices. It does not stand on consecrated ground. It has a separate treasury and board of managers. The object of our People's Palace is to lift the people living about into a higher life by methods that are eminently practical. It operates a day nursery; this summer it gave over 14,000 free baths in its swimming-tank; it gives industrial training, and it provides a real refuge from temptation by supplying innocent amusements. It has gymnasiums, bowling-alleys, billiard-tables, a shuffle-board, a theatrical stage, and other diversional facilities. Among other things we give lessons in dancing, showing young people *how*, *when*, and *with whom* to dance. Dancing is allowed on public occasions, and the best people in the church are present to see that everything is done decently and in order. We are extremely particular and painstaking in guarding this pastime. There have never been any improprieties or scandals. Everything is kept sweet and clean.

Our position is this: As God has placed us in this district to save the people from the hurricanes of temptation about them; as the people will go to saloons to play billiards, to the variety theater to enjoy dramatic entertainments, and to public balls in order to dance, the only way we can wean them from these resorts is to compete directly with these questionable institutions and give innocent amusements to the people, under conditions that are healthful and uplifting. If the people of God do not supply these amusements, the children of the devil will. Young people will dance, and there is no stopping them. The poor cannot dance in their own homes. They have no pianos, and the flats are many of them only eight feet in width. They flock to cheap dances in halls, where there are all sorts and conditions of men and women. Here many of them dance to perdition. Now, if they must dance, we think they should dance the other way. We are wresting amusements from Satan and using them in the service of God. And if we fail to do this, the Almighty will hold us responsible. We dare not do otherwise. Salvation is practical business. A half-hour sermon on Sunday is not sufficient to counteract the terrible temptations of six days and nights. I am simply appalled at the culpable neglect of the Protestant Church and its indefensible, puerile position upon this subject of amusement.

I honor the Episcopal Church, which is sufficiently broad-minded and far-sighted to erect its magnificent parish houses and attack this problem of vice and crime in dead earnest. Dr. Rainsford is not afraid to place a billiard-table at the disposal of his young men next door to his church, or teach the little girls in his parish the graceful art of dancing. The Catholics are preeminently wise and vigorous in holding their young people and shielding them from temptation. Since the erection of our People's Palace, six magnificent ecclesiastical club-houses have been built in Jersey City by the Catholics, and they are keeping so many young men from the saloons that the grog-shops are having a hard time in this city, and are complaining bitterly of decrease in profits. Now, should not Protestants be as wise as Catholics? What the Protestant churches should do is to sit in sackcloth and ashes and beseech the Almighty to forgive them for their narrow policy and failure to use good generalship in their warfare with sin. As a matter of fact, we Protestants are woefully behind the times. We are like Spain and China, living in the past rather than the burning present. But we are learning every year, and this idea of sanctification of amusement has come to stay. Practical business men and lovers of humanity will often contribute to such common-sense methods when you cannot get a dollar out of them for the church. They believe in a saving environment. Of course all amusement is a means to an end. If properly conducted, it contributes to spirituality and attracts people to the regular church services. We talk from experience, and know whereof we speak.

JOHN L. SCUDDER.

People's Palace, Jersey City.

The Christian Commonwealth in Georgia

A most interesting experiment in Christian communism was inaugurated near Columbus, Ga., in January, 1897. The colony is called

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"The Christian Commonwealth," and at present consists of about seventy members, who are endeavoring to make Christ's teachings the basis of their daily lives. The practices of the outside world are exactly reversed in this Christian community. The bond which holds the association together is not self-interest, but brotherly love; instead of competing with one another, they co-operate; the strongest and ablest regard their gifts, not as a means of self-aggrandizement, but as an opportunity for service. Every new member is expected to give to the association all that he has, but poor men are received without admission fee of any kind. All that is necessary is assent to the following statement of faith: "I accept as the law of my life Christ's law that I shall love my neighbor as myself. I will use, hold, or dispose of all my property, my labor, and my income according to the dictates of love for the happiness of all who need. I will not withhold for any selfish ends aught that I have from the fullest service that love inspires." The system is one of complete communism. Private property is limited to personal effects; all land and capital are owned by the community collectively. There is absolute equality within the association. Every member is asked to do his share in the necessary work, and receives in return all that is needful for his daily life. The colonists have several hundred acres of land, which are being rapidly brought under cultivation. There is an orchard, a nursery garden, a sawmill, a blacksmith shop, and a dairy. Commonwealth has its own post-office, and a printing-press from which is issued the monthly organ of the association, the "Social Gospel," edited by George Howard Gibson and the Rev. Ralph Albertson. Among the contributors to the paper and the active supporters of the colony may be mentioned George D. Herron, D.D., Professor of "Applied Christianity" at Grinnell, Iowa, James P. Kelley, of Greenwich, Conn., and Ernest Howard Crosby, of New York.

A New Pastor in St. Louis

The First Congregational Church in St. Louis is the mother church of the denomination in that city. It has had a history worthy of being cherished. For years it was recognized as the one church which stood for liberty in the midst of a people in sympathy with slavery. Its first pastor, the Rev. Truman M. Post, D.D., was a man of singular eloquence, courage, and spiritual power. He was a prince among men, and his manhood was as evident as his intellectual ability and piety. He has left an influence which will long be felt by thousands who never heard his name. All the other churches of the denomination in that city are the children of this church. Among them is the Pilgrim Church, so long and lovingly associated with the memory of the Rev. C. L. Goodell D.D, who was succeeded by the Rev. Henry A. Stimson, D.D., and he in turn by the present pastor, the Rev. Michael Burnham, D.D. The First Church has a fine edifice in the heart of the residential district, and is fully equipped for service. A new pastor was installed in this church on Tuesday, October 18, in the person of the Rev. Cornelius H. Patton, late of Duluth, and formerly of Westfield, New Jersey. Mr. Patton is a graduate of Amherst College and Yale Seminary. He has proved himself to be a real spiritual leader, and is admirably qualified for the large responsibilities which he has now assumed.

Methodist Evangelization in New York City

The church extension work of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the Metropolitan District is in the hands of the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society. Some idea of what it is doing may be derived from the fact that in that part of New York above the Harlem River, in a territory which now numbers two hundred thousand people, the Methodist Episcopal Church maintains about one-fourth of the work which is being done by Protestants. It outnumbers the Episcopal churches, and "has twice as many as either the Baptists or Presbyterians or Reformed churches, and three times as many as the Lutherans or Congregationalists." In that district there are about twenty Methodist churches, and seven of them are under the care of the Extension Society, while others have received help from it. In that field over fifty workers are employed who give their entire time to their duties. About one-half are "pastors, assistants, and paid missionaries, and the remainder are deaconesses, kindergartners, and special workers." These facts indicate that the Methodist Church is not losing its hold on the masses of the common people, since the district to which we have referred is chiefly inhabited by people of this class.

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The American Missionary Association

The fifty-second annual meeting of the American Missionary Association was held in the South Congregational Church of Concord, N. H., October 25–27. The field of this Association is chiefly among the colored people of the South, but also among the Chinese and the Indians. It is doing a valuable work also among the mountain whites in the Southwest. The Association for years has had wise leadership, having enjoyed the service of such men as the Rev. George Whipple, D.D., and the Rev. M. E. Strieby, D.D., and still later its present Secretaries, Messrs. Baird, Woodbury, and Ryder. The visiting delegates received a gracious and hearty welcome from the pastor of the church, the Rev. H. P. Dewey, D.D. The occasion was one for congratulation, because the Association had closed the year without debt—it had met its expenses and paid its debts. That result has been achieved only by great sacrifice and the most rigid economy.

The sermon by the Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D., of the Old South Church, Boston, on the "Jerusalem which is Above," was a noble plea for the supremacy of divine ideals in our American life. Reports were made as follows: On Chinese Missions, by the Rev. W. B. Thorp; on Indian Missions, by the Rev. J. G. Merrill, D.D.; on Southern Educational Work, by Professor George B. Stevens, D.D.; on Mountain Missions, by the Rev. W. E. Barton, D.D.; on Southern Work, by the Rev. C. H. Richards, D.D.

In addition to the reports, addresses were delivered by representative workers in the field and among the churches. Some of these speakers were: the Rev. Dr. Pond, of California; Professor W. H. H. Hart, of Washington, D. C.; the Rev. G. W. Moore, of Nashville; the Rev. Drs. Lamson, of Hartford, Boynton, of Detroit, Reed, of New Hampshire, Moxom, of Springfield, Dunning, of Boston; and Presidents Tucker, of Dartmouth, and Clark, of the Christian Endeavor Society. A report making changes in terms of service of the members of the Executive Committee was adopted. It provides that the term of service be five years instead of three, and that three members be elected each year, and be ineligible for re-election for one year. The Rev. F. A. Noble, D.D., of Chicago, was elected President of the Society, in the place of ex-President Gates, of Amherst.

Few societies in the land are doing a more important work than this Association, and it was never more wisely or ably managed than at present. Its administrative officers are all singularly able and devoted men, as is shown by their conduct of its affairs. It was a joy to a host of friends to have Dr. Strieby present at the meetings and take part in the proceedings. For nearly forty years he has been a leader in this great cause. An idea of what this Association has accomplished is the simple mention of the fact that under its auspices there have been founded such institutions as those at Hampton, Atlanta, Nashville, Talladega, New Orleans, Tougaloo, and many others, which are among the most helpful of all agencies in creating new and better conditions in the South.

The New Universalist Church in New York

The Church of the Divine Paternity in New York is indelibly associated with the name and fame of the Rev. Edward H. Chapin, D.D., probably the most eminent preacher the Universalist denomination ever produced in this country. The building in which he so long ministered was on Fifth Avenue. As business has invaded that locality, the society thought it wise to sell its old property and move farther up town. The new edifice, which is one of the most complete in New York, was dedicated on October 25, the sermon being preached by the Rev. Charles H. Eaton, D.D., who was Dr. Chapin's immediate successor and who has carried on the work of the church with ability and devotion worthy of his distinguished predecessor. This historic church is now admirably equipped for a noble work.

Dr. Beach Goes to Denver

The Rev. David N. Beach, D.D., whose ministry in Cambridge, Mass., is so well known, after a brief pastorate in Minneapolis, has accepted a call to the First Congregational Church of Denver, Colorado, succeeding the Rev. James H. Ecob, D.D. The reason of Dr. Beach's short pastorate in Minneapolis was the health of one member of his family, which made residence in Colorado imperative. Dr. Beach is a tireless worker, and his wide experience in the East and Northwest will be of great advantage in his new field. The church in Denver, after many disappointments, under the rare ministry of Dr. Ecob has once more assumed its position of leadership, a position which it will not lose under its new pastor.

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Books and Authors

[Most of the books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the week ending October 21. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

NOVELS AND TALES

The latest issue in the biographical edition of the works of Thackeray contains the immortal *Henry Esmond* and the delightful lectures on *The English Humorists* and *The Four Georges*. Between the covers of this volume is to be found much that was most distinctive and enduring in the work of the great novelist. Mrs. Ritchie's introduction is unusually valuable. It contains a number of very entertaining sketches from Thackeray's pen. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Madame Ragozin, whose histories of Chaldea, Syria, Babylonia, Persia, and Vedic India are well known, has prepared for the "Tales of the Heroic Ages"—a new and promising series—*Siegfried, the Hero of the North*, and *Beowulf, the Hero of the Anglo-Saxons*, two of the great representative stories from the mythology of northern Europe, and two of the typical heroes of the races. Madame Ragozin's treatment involves close adherence to the original sources, but very free handling of the material. She brings out the story element by a very free use of conversation. The volume is very attractively made. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Though Mr. Gilbert Parker disclaims the right to call his novel, *The Battle of the Strong*, a historical romance, yet the incident of an attempted repossession of the Island of Jersey by the French in 1781, and subsequently the Revolution in France, afford a historical framework for a story that derives its force from the strong, true spirit of transplanted Huguenot life and finds its charm in the quaint and not overworn local coloring. There are some dramatic situations, an extravagance or two, and a few not impossible coincidences, but they all fall in with the reader's satisfaction in seeing what he would fain see in real life—the reclamation of the wayward, the certainty of retributive justice, and the ultimate triumph of virtue. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

The Black Curtain is a story of outdoor life in California. An artist who has lost the power of painting through sudden color-blindness, and a singer who has lost her voice, go each to live in the wild woods, and attempt to secure, simultaneously, the same Government claim. Amusing situations result, and the dialogue is often lively and entertaining. The mysteries involved in the plot, and especially that which gives the name to the book, would be melodramatic if they were not infantile. The author is Flora H. Loughead. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

More Cargoes contains a dozen or more diverting stories of sailor fun and sea life by Mr. W. W. Jacobs, whose "Many Cargoes" and "The Skipper's Wooing" had already shown an entirely new and irresistibly ludicrous vein of humor. This volume is, we presume, that which is called in England "Sea Urchins"—a much better title, we think. (The F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)

Miriam is a tender story of a baby lost at sea and found by a lighthouse keeper, who, after cherishing and coming to love it, finds that it is his own child, never before seen by him, and brought into his hands by a strange chance. The author, Mr. Gustav Kobbé, has never written anything better than this. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

Mr. S. Baring-Gould has surprising versatility. Entirely new ground for him, in fiction, is taken in his *Domitia*, a romance of classic times, suggested to the author by a beautiful portrait of Domitia Longina, which he came across while he was accumulating material for his "Tragedy of the Cæsars." We cannot say that Mr. Baring-Gould is as much at home in this class of story as he is in his studies of little-known phases of provincial life in England. The dialogue here is stiff, and the whole romance is keyed somewhat too high. (The F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)

Mr. S. R. Crockett's *The Red Axe* amply fulfills the bloodthirsty sound of the title. Those who like stories reeking with gore will find this to their taste. The reader, in closing it, feels that he has been led through the shambles. There is a certain sadness in reflecting that the author of the simple, truthful, and graciously humorous and pathetic sketches which appeared in Mr.

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Crockett's first volume, "The Stickit Minister," should have been led, by desire of rapid production and by a fatal facility in story-weaving, to send forth such sensational and ephemeral fiction as this. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The late Harold Frederic, not long before his death, had gathered into a volume, under the title *The Deserter*, several stories relating, some to the Civil War, and some to fighting in another age and in a very different fashion. These are capital stories for boys, and can be read with appreciation by their elders also. (Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston.)

POETRY AND ESSAYS

A very pretty book to the eye and a very charming book to the imagination is Mr. Bradford Torrey's *A World of Green Hills*, a freshly written series of impressions of nature and human nature in the Blue Ridge country of North Carolina and Virginia. These eight chapters disclose no new lines of observation and no fresh touch of talent, but they make still more clear the trained insight of this skillful naturalist, who is also a devoted lover of nature and a vivacious and entertaining writer. Mr. Torrey has made his own place among those American writers who minister to the love of nature, and therefore to the culture of the soul. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

It has often been said that both Wordsworth and Byron have gained greatly by intelligent and sympathetic editing, and Burns must be included in this statement. Professor John G. Dow's *Selections from the Poems of Robert Burns* brings within a small compass most of the best work of the greatest of Scotch singers. Professor Dow died before his book had received his final revision; but Dr. W. A. Neilson, a student of Burns and a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, completed the revision. The book is furnished with an introduction which covers, among other matters, the biographical detail of the poet's life, an account of Scottish literature before his time, and an estimate of the poet's work in general. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

Professor B. W. Wells, of the University of the South, has already brought out in his "Modern French Literature" the special line of development which is giving coherence and illumination to his studies and his critical work. In his latest volume, *A Century of French Fiction*, which, he tells us, is a study of novels, not of novelists, he aims to trace the development of fiction in the hands of the French writers by a study of French fiction from the time of Bonaparte to that of Guy de Maupassant. As his endeavor is to bring out those characteristics or qualities in the different novelists which make them significant in the history of the development of fiction, he divides his space somewhat arbitrarily, assigning to Balzac, for instance, more than a quarter of his volume, and analyzing and discussing eight other novelists with considerable fullness and with a great deal of critical acumen. The book is a genuine contribution to literature in this department; first, because it is a very intelligent piece of work, and, next, because it is well balanced. Professor Wells is able, for example, to speak with equal sympathy, and at the same time with a judicial spirit, of writers so far apart as Stendhal, Balzac, George Sand, and Zola. The summing up of Zola may be taken as an illustration of the poise of his mind; it is an unusually intelligent piece of literary characterization. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

A serviceable manual for the traveler who visits the galleries where their works are treasured is Mr. George B. Rose's *Renaissance Masters: The Art of Raphael, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Correggio,* and *Botticelli.* It accepts the results of the latest criticism, and aims to give in a brief compass an insight into the essential characteristics of each artist. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Architecture Among the Poets, by H. Heathcote Statham, with thirteen illustrations by the author, is of much literary interest, but a practical interest is closely connected with it. The reader will be disposed to agree with the writer in his conclusion that the higher and more critical spirit in which modern poets, as contrasted with their predecessors, have treated architecture shows the subject to deserve more serious attention than is popularly accorded to it. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

A meritorious work of original research upon a topic of special modern interest, *A Study of Mary Wollstonecraft and the Rights of Woman*, has been expanded by Mrs. Emma Rauschenbusch-Clough from her inaugural dissertation presented at the University of Bern, in 1894, as required for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy then awarded

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her. The author's previous and subsequent researches have made an important contribution to the history of the modern advancement of woman. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

A series of papers upon familiar topics of folk-lore, by Mr. Robert Means Lawrence, has been collected under the title of the leading topic, *The Magic of the Horseshoe*, to which a specially full treatment is given. The diligent research by which the writer has brought together a vast store of information from all times and lands concerning some popular superstitions that still abide among us has produced a very entertaining book. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, who has long been known as one of the soundest musical critics in this country, has fairly entered the field of literature, which, indeed, is separated from that of music by the slightest barrier only. Following his successful volume "How to Listen to Music," he now publishes, through the Messrs. Scribner (New York), a volume of essays on musical topics entitled *Music and Manners*. The title is perhaps slightly misleading, for the papers which compose the volume are biographic and statistical rather than reflective and analytic, but they are pleasingly written and full of information.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers (New York) issue a new and enlarged edition of Mr. William Blackie's well-known and authoritative volume on physical culture entitled *How to Get Strong*. The author is full of enthusiasm for his subject, which he expresses in a lavish and startling display of italics and capitals, but he knows what he is talking about, at least so far as the body is concerned.

In his *Elements of Sociology: A Text-Book for Colleges and Schools*, Professor Giddings, of Columbia, has not made a mere abridgment of his "Principles of Sociology" (now translated into French, Russian, and Spanish), but has produced a new book. By such books he has effectively rebutted the allegation, made years ago by Mr. Leslie Stephen, that sociology was but a name for a mass of undigested facts and crude moralizings. In the present book he has worked out some portions of sociological theory more fully than in the "Principles." In the concluding pages on "Psychical Causation and Laws" is an original contribution both to psychological and sociological theory. In the successively developing stages of the "Social Mind" it is found that sympathetic like-mindedness, the primary type of social action, and formal like-mindedness, the secondary type, conforming to tradition and authority, yield diminishing returns of satisfaction. The former, blindly impulsive, is often destructive and costly; the latter protects abuses and bars progress. In Professor Giddings's "Analysis of Democracy" he remarks that those who regard it as merely a form of government have hardly begun to understand it. True democracy is ethical like-mindedness, in which reason and conscience are the controlling elements in forming and executing policies for the organization and perfection of social life, "in order that the great end of society, the perfection of the individual personality, may be completely attained." In view of the impossibility of covering the field of economical, legal, and political science in college courses, Professor Giddings suggests what seems to us eminently desirable, viz., that a large part of the time now devoted to such branches as Political Economy, Civics, etc., should be devoted to the more radical study of the nature and laws of human society. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Books by Englishmen on America multiply year by year, and almost month by month. Nevertheless, it continues to be interesting to see ourselves as others see us; and when the tone and temper of a book of this class are as sound as they are in *The Land of Contrasts*, there may be derived profit as well as amusement in the reading. Mr. James F. Muirhead is the author of the well-known "Baedeker Handbooks" relating to Great Britain and to the United States. In preparing the latter he necessarily did an immense amount of traveling in this country, and these volumes give the notes and personal impressions which he has preserved. His fairness is indisputable, and he is unusually free from the tendency to generalize too widely from single incidents, or to accept local traits or individual oddities as really representative of the country. The book is thoroughly readable, and is rather a record of keen observation than an attempt to draw parallels between the United States and England, or to preach social sermons. Among the topics considered are, American society, American women, the American child, journalism, sports, typical features of cities, and literary traits. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston.)

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RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

In a little book on *The Kenotic Theory*, Dr. F. J. Hall, of the Western Theological Seminary, Chicago, vigorously attacks the doctrine that the Divine Logos, or Word, as the Second Person of the Trinity, divested himself of divine attributes in order to be born and live as the man Jesus. During this century this theory, styled "kenotic" from the Greek word translated "*emptied* himself," in Philippians ii., 7 (R. V.), has won much favor among orthodox divines, but Dr. Hall brands it as anti-Scriptural, anti-Catholic, and Socinian in tendency. St. Paul's word "emptied" he insists is metaphorically, not literally, employed. Jesus's disclaimer of knowledge respecting the great day and hour approaching referred only to his human knowledge, while at the same time he was exercising his divine knowledge in "cosmical functions"! The confusion of thought on this subject which makes controversy both inevitable and unprofitable starts from the theological fallacy of "two natures," divine and human; the truth being that the ethico-spiritual nature is one and the same both in God and man. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

Professor Watson, of Queen's University, Kingston, Canada, has issued a revised edition of his book on "Comte, Mill, and Spencer: An Outline of Philosophy," under the title *An Outline of Philosophy*, with "Notes Historical and Critical," and an "Index of Topics and Authors." Defining philosophy as the search for first principles, he leads this search through the provinces of nature and of mind. His standpoint is that of Speculative Idealism, which holds that "we are capable of knowing Reality as it actually is, and that Reality, when so known, is absolutely rational." (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

A temperate statement of the doctrinal differences between the Protestant churches and the Church of Rome is made by the Rev. J. P. Lilley, in *The Principles of Protestantism*—a volume in the series of "Handbooks for Bible Classes," edited by Drs. Dods and Whyte, of Edinburgh. It seems to us to oppose Romanism more successfully than it exhibits Protestantism, its point of view for which does not pass beyond the theology of the seventeenth century. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Great Books, by Dean Farrar, consists of an introductory chapter on that subject, followed by chapters on Bunyan, Shakespeare, Dante, Milton, and A'Kempis's "Imitation of Christ." The ethical vigor and religious warmth which characterize these brief introductions to the masters of literature give a special suitability to the collection, handsomely printed and bound as it is, for a gift-book to young people. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

In the midst of the abundant pastoral work imposed by the care of a large parish in Boston, the Rev. William E. Barton, D.D., has done good service to the wide and widening circle of the laity who are interested in the literary and historical study of the Bible. In *The Psalms and their Story* he has presented a popularly written study of the Psalms as related to Old Testament History. He follows the method, and to a large extent accepts the results, of the "higher," or, more properly speaking, historical, criticism. The conservative line of his work is indicated by his ascribing a Davidic authorship to about thirty of the Psalms, and by an occasional apologetic tone for the reassuring of those who are timidly suspicious of new views. Dr. Barton has shown judgment and ingenuity in his condensed but perspicuous treatment of a great mass of material. The post-exilic period, particularly in the Maccabæan time, requires and receives from him fuller historical narrative than preceding periods for the due appreciation of the Psalms assigned to it. (The Pilgrim Press, Boston.)

Though Herbart's psychology has been improved upon in the half-century since his time, Herbart's principle, that education must be scientifically based on ethical and psychological lines, cannot be bettered. The *Introduction to the Herbartian Principles of Teaching*, by Catherine I. Dodd, of Owens College, Manchester, England, will prove a helpful book to the teachers of our common schools, not only as a guide to sound methods, but through its copious suggestions for the working out of lessons on Herbart's principles. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Homiletics is not an attractive theme even to the man of average thoughtfulness, but homiletics as set forth by Professor T. Harwood Pattison, of Rochester, in his book on *The Making of the Sermon*, is interesting enough to command the attention of many who have nothing to do with sermons but to hear them. It is so alive with anecdote as to suggest that Professor Pattison is a capital

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story-teller, and is copiously illustrated by apt references to the great masters of the pulpit. Intended not only for the class-room of the seminary, but for the study in the parsonage, it is well suited to freshen a stuffy atmosphere, and to stimulate one to save himself from deadening routine by a constant effort to improve his own methods. Comparing textual with expository preaching, Dr. Pattison thinks that the former has often weakened respect for the Bible, while the latter strengthens faith in it. He strongly insists on a vigorous ethical tone. He thinks it shame to the pulpit that it only rarely deals with the theme of Christian missions, and that no Sunday should pass without reference to it in some part of the service. (American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.)

Several fresh volumes of sermons have recently come to us. *The Messages to the Seven Churches of Asia* is a series of six short Lenten discourses by the Rev. G. O. L. Thomson, of Taunton, England, of a simple, expository character. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

Cambridge and Other Sermons, by Fenton John Anthony Hort, is a memorial collection of twenty-four discourses by the great scholar whose monument is in the revised text of the Greek Testament. Some of these were addressed to villagers, some to university students; all are characterized by the simplicity of style and spirituality of thought which were conspicuous in the man. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Visions: Sunday Morning Sermons at St. Bartholomew's, New York, by David H. Greer, D.D., is a collection of another type, in which the preacher comes out of his study into society and into the street, laying his hand upon us with a grip that constrains us to attend to him. These "visions" come out in series, and give a structural unity to the volume that is often lacking or not apparent in a book of sermons. For a specimen of plain preaching to a wealthy congregation the discourse on "The Vision of the Divine Purpose" is a fair standard. Where there is a better exposition of the text, "The sinner shall be turned into hell," we know not: "He *himself* shall be turned into it; he himself shall become it; wherever he is, hell is." (T. Whittaker, New York)

In *The Prayer-Book and Christian Life* Archdeacon Tiffany, of New York, unfolds "the conception of the Christian life implied in the Book of Common Prayer." In substance, though not in form, it is for the most part the Bohlen Lectures given last February in Philadelphia. While Dr. Tiffany avoids controversy, he shows no sympathy with those who would put any other than a thoroughly Protestant interpretation upon the Prayer-Book. He is thoroughly Pauline in placing the preaching function foremost. He looks forward to a rich enlargement of Christian truth, when the thus far comparatively neglected doctrine of the Holy Spirit shall receive its due development through study and experience. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Señor Matias Romero, who has spent the larger part of his life in this country as the diplomatic representative of Mexico, has uniformly endeavored, with the best results, to promote a good understanding and profitable intercourse between the sister republics. He has now issued the first volume of a large work entitled *Mexico and the United States*. It is a comprehensive study of a wide range of subjects affecting their political, commercial, and social relations, with a view to promote such relations. Its extensive scope forbids more than a partial enumeration of the subjects treated, as topographical, industrial, commercial, financial, historical, and political. Religion, immigration, education, are adequately noticed. The silver standard and the Pan-American Congress receive extended treatment. The book is a thesaurus of multifarious information, with a full table of contents and an index for reference. In some of the papers of this collection the reader meets with facts throwing light upon the inside of our own political history, and not heretofore generally known. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Italy and the Italians, by George B. Taylor, D.D., is a sympathetically written account of a country and a people not duly appreciated in the United States. The author has resided there for nearly quarter of a century engaged in mission work. It is of higher value than the record of a traveler, and deserves to be widely read. Dr. Taylor's criticisms of the Church of Rome, while large-minded, and appreciative of the good he discovers, reveal the need of an evangelical reformation for which he sees no hope. The volume is furnished with maps, and contains numerous illustrations. (American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.)

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A work of great public importance has been done by Professor Henry C. Adams, of the University of Michigan, in *The Science of Finance: An Investigation of Public Expenditures and Public Revenues.* We reserve this for further notice hereafter. (Henry Holt & Co., New York. The American Science Series.)

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

The stepmother of the past is supplanted in the children's books of the present day by one who is charming and devoted, who by experience knows what an appalling monster a bad stepmother can be. This new stepmother appears in *A Labor of Love*, by Julia Magruder. (Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston.) The same house publishes *A Little Maid of Concord*, a story of the early days of Concord told in Margaret Sidney's fresh and vivid style.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. (London) have done the children of the present day a service in publishing in a quaint and beautiful form that old classic, *Poetry for Children*, by Charles and Mary Lamb. The illustration in color drawings by Winifred Green will be a constant delight to the imaginative child. The preface addressed "To the Gentle Reader," by Israel Gollancz, is an example of the right way of approaching children without sacrificing the dignity of the subject.

Two fortunate little girls, one an American and the other a German, receive each three *Magic Nuts.* When these little girls meet in far-away Germany, they become warm friends, each feeling that the other is the friend she has been waiting to know. The breaking of the nuts, two at a time, gives these little girls the means of passing the borders of Gnomeland, Tree-Top Land, and the fairyland where the mermaids live. What they did there is told in this charming tale by Mrs. Molesworth. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Harper's *Round Table* for 1898 is up to the average of that excellent periodical. There are the usual sound, healthful stories for boys, suggestions for out-of-door sports, for carpentry, and the puzzle and correspondence department.

The Golliwogg has become a Christmas feature in the children's book world. No one could claim that he is beautiful, but he is irresistibly funny. This year the Golliwogg take Peg, Sarah Jane, the midget, Meg, and Weg to the seashore, and their adventures are recorded by Bertha Upton and pictured by Florence K. Upton in *The Golliwogg at the Seashore.* (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

A book intended to be cut to pieces is certainly new. The Mother Goose stories, beautifully colored, and cut, but not detached from the page, offer the opportunity for a dramatic representation of these ever-entrancing rhymes. Mr. R. H. Russell (New York), the publisher, has also issued *The Hollow Tree*, by Albert Bigelow Paine. The Coon, the Possum, and the Crow live in the Hollow Tree, and the happenings in the tree, and their entertainments given for outside friends, are most interestingly told by the Story-Teller to the Little Lady. The illustrations by J. M. Condi are as entertaining as the stories.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company (New York) has issued two illustrated books for young children. The *Jingle Jangle Rhyme Book*, by Henry Bradford Simmons, is a series of page illustrations, vivid and striking; among them are humorous illustrations of the jingle in the upper corner of the page. *The Baby Folk*, by Maud Humphrey, is a delicate piece of work, as this artist's books always are. Elizabeth S. Tucker, who has been a co-laborer with Maud Humphrey in several Christmas books, furnishes some clever designs, as well as verses and stories.

The record of the childhood of two sisters, who were children fifty years ago, appears in *The Story of Little Jane and Me*, by M. E. The children are not prigs, but fun-loving, mischief-making little people of active imagination, great capacity for loving, and learning, for reasons sufficient to their childish minds, to hate those stupid "grown-ups" who are impolite and obtrusive to children. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have made a beautiful book. The cover, with the quaint little figures dimmed as by a mist of memory, is most artistic.

The Island of England is a book for boys which is half story and half history. It relates to the Napoleonic period, and is rich in incident. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks has added to his commendable series of "True Stories" *The True Story of Benjamin Franklin.* This is, of course, a popular presentation for young people of the life of this remarkable statesman. The book is capitally illustrated, and its narrative style is always fresh, simple,

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and interesting. Mr. Brooks is doing a distinctly good work in this series of volumes. (The Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston.)

MISCELLANEOUS

The Tides, and Kindred Phenomena in the Solar System, is a title which indicates the far-reaching relations of one of the commonest facts. In this volume, containing the substance of his lectures in 1897 at the Lowell Institute in Boston, Professor George Howard Darwin, of Cambridge, England, goes far beyond the range of the usual treatment of his subject in current manuals. Particularly in the later chapters, he pursues the theory of the tides into the regions of speculative astronomy, concerning the genesis of the moon, the evolution of celestial systems, and Saturn's rings. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Forty-eight of the great buildings of the world, as seen and described by famous writers, are brought together in Esther Singleton's interesting volume, *Turrets, Towers, and Temples*. The conception is original, and its execution creditable to the good judgment with which Miss Singleton, as editor and translator, has made her selections from a vast amount of good material. The forty-eight illustrations are as meritorious as the text they accompany. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Books Received

For the week ending October 28

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK

Guerber, H. A. The Story of the English.
Needham, James G. Outdoor Studies.
Smiley, James B., and Helen L. Storke. The Beginner's Latin.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK

Brunetière, Ferdinand. Manual of the History of French Literature. $2.
Schultz, Jeanne. Colette. $1.
Grand, Sarah. The Modern Man and Maid. 35 cts.
Trine, Ralph Waldo. The Greatest Thing Ever Known. 35 cts.

DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK

Jowett, J. H. From Strength to Strength. 50 cts.
Mabie, Hamilton Wright. Essays on Work and Culture. $1.25.
Robertson, James, D.D. The Poetry and the Religion of the Psalms. (The Croall Lectures, 1893-'94.) $3.50.
Stanley, Henry M., and Others. Africa: Its Partition and Its Future. $1.25.
Douglas, Amanda M. Sherburne Girls. $1.50.
Munro, Neil. John Splendid. $1.50.
Wells, Benjamin W. A Century of French Fiction. $2.

DOUBLEDAY & M'CLURE CO., NEW YORK

Wingate, Charles F. What Shall Our Boys Do for a Living? $1.
Jókai, Maurus. The Nameless Castle. $1.25.
Allen, Grant. Flashlights on Nature. $1.50.
Blanchan, Neltje. Birds that Hunt and are Hunted. Introduction by G. O. Shields. $2.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK

Pierson, Clara Dillingham. Among the Forest People. Illustrated by F. C. Gordon. $1.25.
Brooks, Rt. Rev. Phillips. Selections from his Writings. 75 cts.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK

Pugh, Edwin. Tony Drum. Illustrations by William Nicholson. $1.50.
Atkinson, George Francis. Elementary Botany. $1.25.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

Hale, Edward Everett. The Man Without a Country. (New Edition.) 50 cts.
Austen, Jane. Sense and Sensibility. 2 Vols. $1.50.
Parkman, Francis. The Jesuits in North America. Vol. II. $2.
Belle. By the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission" and "Laddie." $1.
Alger, Abby Langdon. The Little Flowers of Saint Francis of Assisi. (Translation.) 50 cts.
Le Baron, Grace. 'Twixt You and Me. $1.50.
Parkman, Francis. Pioneers of France in the New World. (New Library Edition.) Vol. I. $2.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA

Morris, Charles. The War with Spain.
King, Capt. Charles. From School to Battlefield.
Skinner, Charles M. Myths and Legends Beyond Our Borders. $1.50.
Do-Nothing Days. Illustrated. $1.50.
Verne, Jules. An Antarctic Mystery. Translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.
Blanchard, Amy E. An Independent Daughter. $1.25.
Abbott, Charles C. Clear Skies and Cloudy.
Marie Corelli's Birthday-Book. Compiled by M. W. Davies.
Merewether, F. H. S. Tour through the Famine Districts of India.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Yule Logs. Edited by G. A. Henty. $2.
The Queen's Story-Book. Edited with an Introduction by George Laurence Gomme. $2.
The Arabian Nights. Selected and Edited by Andrew Lang. $2.
Spalding, James Field. The World's Unrest. $1.25.
Lang, Andrew. Coleridge. $1.25.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Crawford, Francis Marion. Ave Roma Immortalis. 2 Vols. $6.
Higginson, Thomas Wentworth. Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic. $1.50.
Repplier, Agnes. Philadelphia: The Place and the People. $2.50.
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Foster, L. C. A Syllabus of English Grammar.

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Wyckoff, Walter A. The Workers: The West. $1.50.
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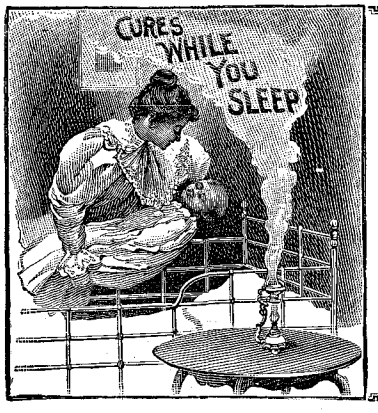

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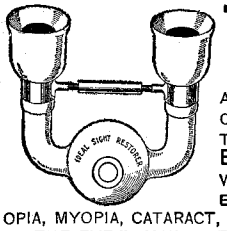

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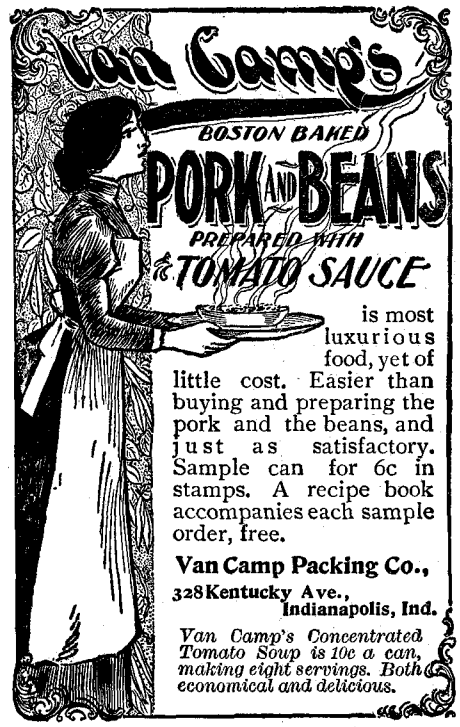

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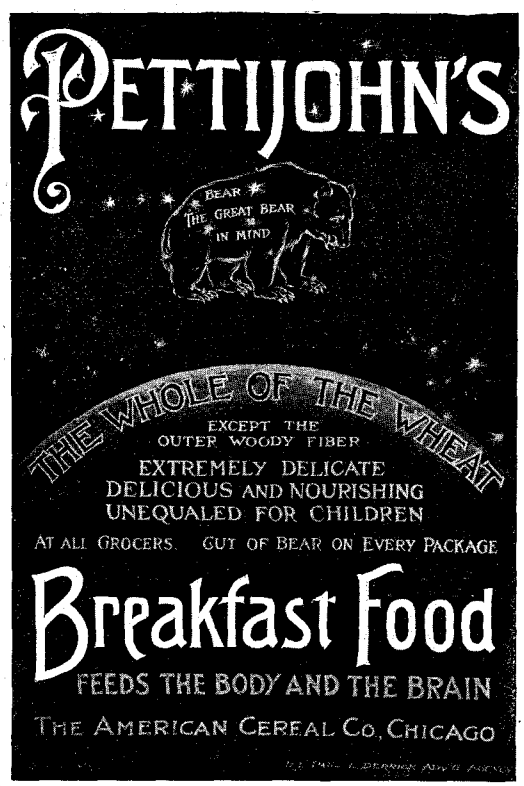

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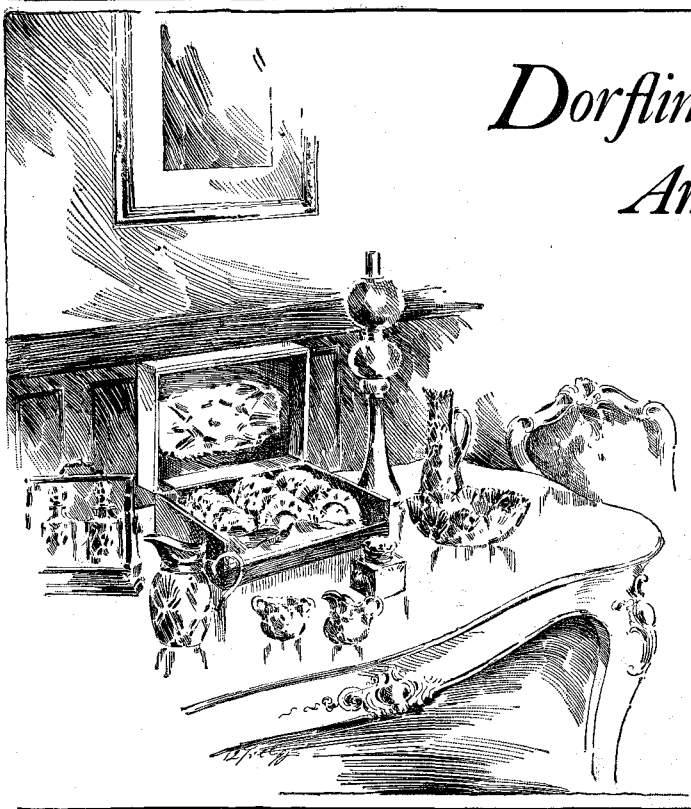

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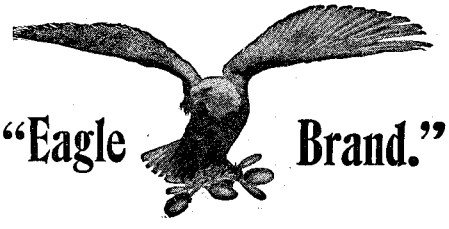

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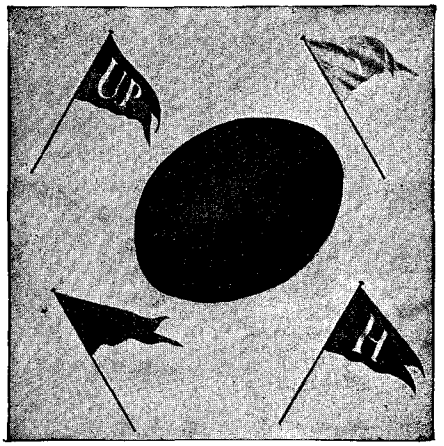

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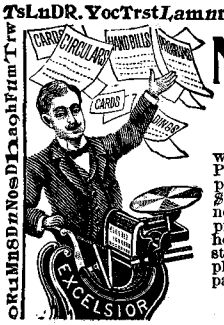

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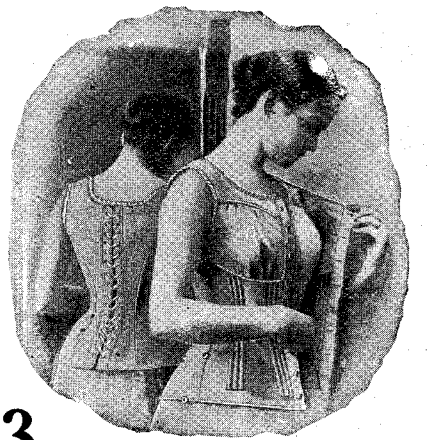

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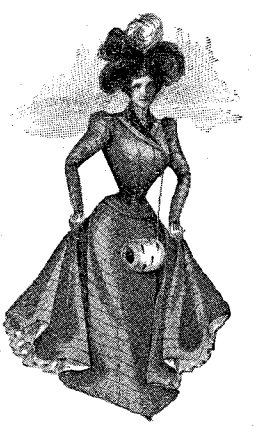

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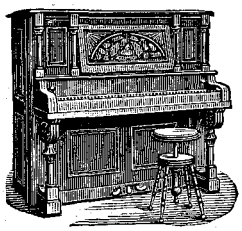

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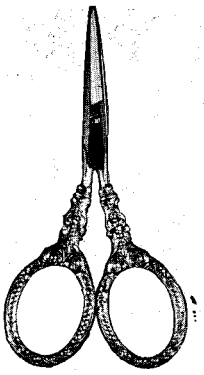

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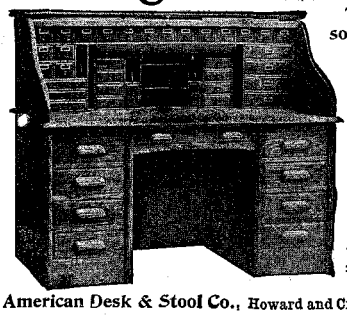

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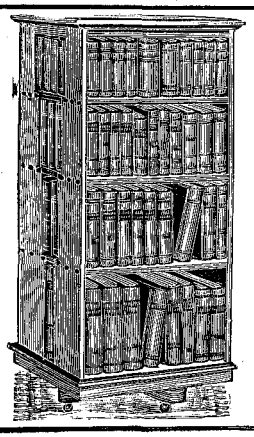

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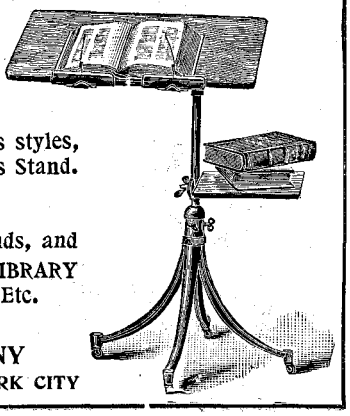

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